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THE ROTARIAN

A Magazine of Service



Your Boy and Mine

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

Boot-Straps and Percentages

By Ellis Parker Butler

Broadcasting Rotary's Program

By Frank L. Mulholland

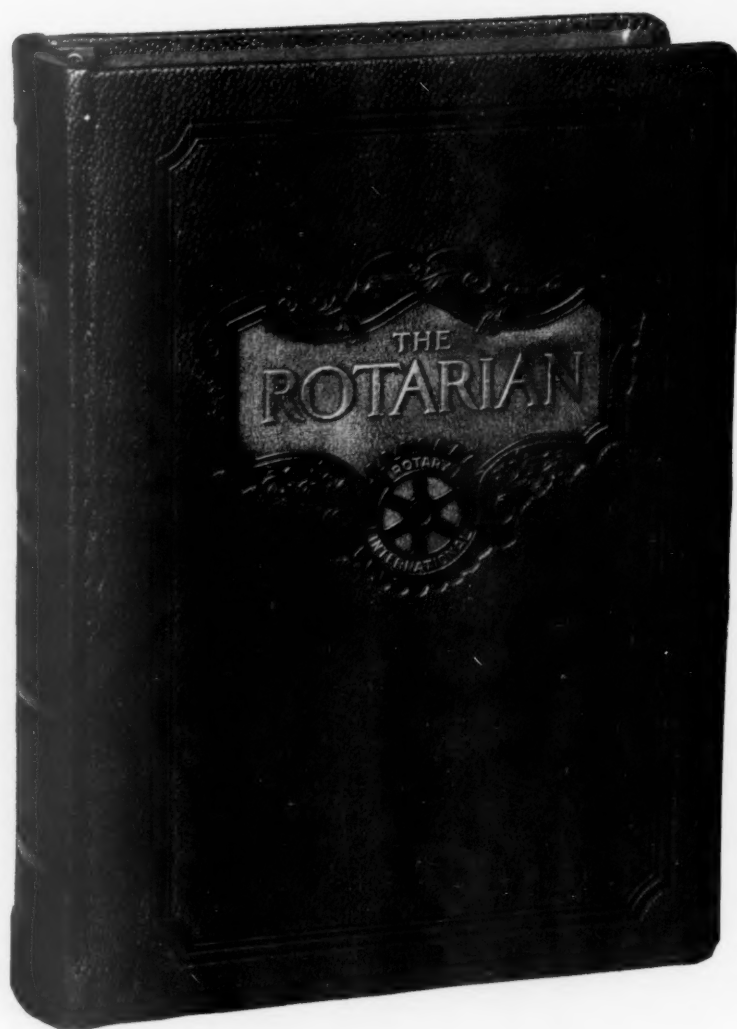
Renunciation

By Ernest Bell

September, 1927

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ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

221 E. Cullerton Street

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like

other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. At the next meeting, just three weeks later, I got up and made the same speech I had tried to make before—but presented so forcefully, so convincingly, that when I had finished they actually applauded me!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And

I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity

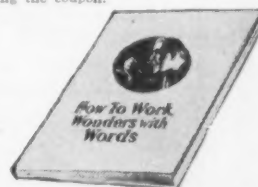
to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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NO EASY order, that. If any man thinks it is, let him try to plan just seven consecutive dinners without repeating a single item on any one menu. A woman must have considerable ingenuity to plan—and considerable executive ability to prepare—twenty-one meals a week.

IN recent years, many new dishes have graced the dining tables in our homes. Delicacies that were once the secrets of restaurant chefs are now prepared quickly and easily in our own kitchens.

AND advertisements have had much to do with adding to the variety of our diet. A beautiful picture of a tempting dessert, with complete directions for making it—another recipe for a luscious salad—a new use for an old familiar staple—in such ways do the advertisements continue to arouse the most jaded palate, and to save the perplexed housewife!

It is well worth while to read and study the advertising pages. To all that pertains to the home, to all that pertains to every-day life, the advertisements contribute. Whether meals, motor-cars or music, let the advertisements help you make the choice. You will find them wise in counsel, trustworthy in service.



*Read the advertisements — they help you get
the most out of life and save you time
and trouble doing it*

Volume XXXI
Number 3

The ROTARIAN

September
1927

TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Official Publication of Rotary International

THE official magazine of Rotary, briefly, should contain the latest authoritative news of the organization; considerable material that is international; and convey at the same time the Rotary spirit to both members and non-members. This number, we believe, meets all these requirements. In addition it has more than the usual amount of other articles and letters and criticism showing those ideas that Rotary is generating both inside and outside the circle of membership.

* * * *

Recently we had the pleasure of granting permission to the Grand Rapids (Michigan) Mutual Building & Loan Association, to reprint the article "Save Ten Per Cent, says Brown," presented in the July issue. The Association is getting out a first edition of 10,000 copies and expects to use more. Another article from the same issue "Olinger's Four-fold Plan" was reprinted by The Kablegram, a business magazine published at Mount Morris, Illinois.

* * * *

This month there are two pages devoted to "Among Our Letters" (pages 55 and 56). The comments pro and con about various items that have been presented, about various interests of individual Rotarians or individual clubs are always interesting and worth while.

* * * *

Club officials in particular should read carefully "Broadcasting Rotary's Program," an article written by Frank L. Mulholland, chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International. It describes the revision of committees of Rotary International that resulted from convention action at Ostend; explains what these changes will mean in the administration of local clubs; and how they came to be made.

* * * *

Who's Who—In This Number

Richard Le Gallienne, who wrote the poem printed on the frontispiece page this month, once studied accounting. Somehow Fate stepped in and his career was diverted—since then there has been wide interest in his essays, criticisms,

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poetry, translations, and other work. He was born in Liverpool, England, but has lived mostly in New York during recent years.

Roscoe Gilmore Stott, Litt. D., you may remember as the author of a brief biography of Arthur Sapp which we published last month. This writer and lecturer lives in Franklin, Indiana, when he is not on the circuit entertaining chautauqua audiences.

Ellis Parker Butler has contributed several articles to this magazine—the last one was in the July number. In the article published this month he gives you interesting sidelights on the writer's craft—though that is not his main theme. He lives at Flushing, Long Island, New York.

Frank L. Mulholland was president of Rotary International in 1914-5. His home is Toledo, Ohio; his profession,

law; his avocation, public-speaking. He is chairman of the new Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International.

Arthur H. Sapp, president of Rotary International, came to Chicago soon after the Ostend convention and its subsequent tours. He wrote some of his impressions for THE ROTARIAN while they were still vivid. His election as president followed a long period of activity in Rotary. He, too, is a lawyer; his home, Huntington, Indiana—which will not see much of him during his term of office, although practically the whole citizenship gathered in the public park at Huntington and gave him a rousing welcome home.

Carl H. Claudy—former Rotarian of Washington, D. C., contributes another of a series of sketches dealing with various types found in Rotary clubs.

John P. Mullen, assistant educational director of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, offers more of the financial advice which we have presented in recent months.

Stanley Leverton of London, England, is serving his second year as a member of the Extension Committee of Rotary International. He is rather well-known in England as both a song writer and composer, although his vocation is that of funeral director.

Juan Meana, who wrote the biography of Salvador Echeandia Gal for the Unusual Stories page is Special Representative for Rotary International in Spain. He was recently in Chicago arranging matters in connection with the further extension of Rotary in that country.

Ernest Bell is the *nom de plume* of the head of an advertising business in New York. He learned to write while working for Mr. Edward Bok and still keeps up his fiction writing as a sideline to that of writing "copy" and planning advertising campaigns.

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Ballade of the Immortal Young

by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Illustration by Bernhardt Kleboe

I READ in a dull book one April day
 That all the dreams in all the world were dead.
 Love and Romance forever fled away:
 Moon shine and old wives' tales, the dull book said,
 Long since old-fashioned and discredited.
 Casting the book aside, I sought a stream
 Beneath the boughs, and singing as it sped—
 "O hasten, life is short, to love and dream!"

The eternal dogwood flashed her fairy spray,
 A thousand birds were singing overhead,
 The mighty hills, extravagantly gay,
 Laughed into dust the gloomy book I read;
 And soon the moon her soft enchantments shed,
 Lighting two lovers with her antique beam
 That knew not that Romance and Love were fled—
 "O hasten, life is short, to love and dream!"

Dullards that fain would turn the bright world gray,
 Youth all in vain on your sour books is fed,
 While in the calendar the month of May
 Runs its wild sap, and roses still are red,
 And life with mystic joy and mystic dread,
 All dancing blood, denies your dolorous theme,
 Crying—"Heed not their solemn drearihead,
 O hasten, life is short, to love and dream!"

Envoi

Youth, mark them not who bring you stones for bread,
 Dour pedants of an outworn academe;
 The world's a floor of gold for you to tread—
 "O hasten, life is short, to love and dream!"

Because They Needed Me!

By Larry Flint

FROM that glad day when I settled down in this town of mine and signified that the community owed me a living which I had come to collect, I was marked for membership in the Sharon Rotary Club. Marked, not by any of the members, but by that quiet lady, who, unlike so many of her gender, knows much which she will not tell—Fate.

Until the Thursday noon when I joined, the club had managed to get along without me. Records of the organization show that. But there are no records to show the difference between the Sharon Rotary Club with me in it and without me.

Looking back upon my two years of membership as the youngest clubman on the roll, I can see little pen tracks which testify that, at first glance, the club assumed a liability on the day when I stood up to receive my Code of Ethics, a bill for dues, a short lecture on the way in which Rotarians should deport themselves and a good many sidewise glances which said plainly enough, "Well, what in thunder is this club coming to, anyhow?"

Sometimes—maybe a good many times—one or the other of the paragraphs of that Code looks out from its frame and gives me the laugh.

I have been late for meetings. I have never helped to man a committee. I have never decorated the hall for Ladies' Night.

Oh, I'm a poor Rotarian, if you are the kind of fellow who gives no credit for deeds done unawares.

You who are members of other clubs will know just how many of my kind decorate the membership roll of your groups. I surmise that our name is legion. We are the drones of the Rotary hive. We subsist on Rotary, doing little, if anything, to hasten the gathering of the Winter store.

And the honey of Rotary is sweet!

So far, like an honest man, I have admitted to shortcomings of which evidence would have found me guilty, anyhow. My theme is the story of how a little band of clubmen, harboring a drone in its midst, is better for the presence of that untoward being in its membership.

Everybody in Rotary is making a living. Most of our members, and probably most of yours, are successful individuals, with the mark of achievement plain upon them. It is because I bear another mark that I say: Because they needed me I'm a Rotarian.

And, until Rotary gathers to its arms more of my stripe and breed, Rotary cannot grow and serve with the utmost efficiency.

In the acceptance of me into the local fold of Rotary, I took on a peculiar something which I was not slow in identifying as a distinct asset. That thing so vital to successful struggle and to wholesome ambition, so like the bellows' breath to the glowing coal, I found sprouting within me. Men call it the Confidence of Man.

I have no doubt that, from the first, many of the others thought—that I was the least of my Rotary brethren. I knew it!

But they hid it admirably. How much men can help by the things they hide!

Here was I, clear at the foot of the long ladder which leads away to the coveted peak whereon ride Success and Achievement and Recognition. Here was I, sitting, once every week, among men with whom accomplishment had not qualified me to mingle. They were successes, I a struggler with no medals yet won and no goal acquired.

THOSE goals are still unconquered. Yet the mountain peak of Success, once but a cloud-fringed, intangible height, now smiles at me. The sun of better men's faith and confidence and trust has bade the clouds goodbye. I think I can make it!

If great men walk only with great, they will not long remain great.

Of such as my stripe Rotary has need. As a useful organization it must give usefulness to the useless. By Rotary and the incentive of its membership Rotary must build Rotarians. We must be handed the torch of Rotary—we who can see little without it, we who need its light.

Rotarians help one another. By contact we take on the better attributes of better men. Most of their ugly attributes we fail to annex, losing, by the challenge of their better lives, some of our own undesirable traits.

Young men, with the seed of Rotary principles planted in them, should grow a pretty good crop of Rotary fruit watered and fertilized by the confidence and the understanding and the trust of those whose bark is older and who have watched their own good fruit fall into the hands of needy humanity.

By such service as Rotary has given me, I believe, Rotary will profit as well as I. Had I not been there, Rotary would have lost an opportunity. In my town there are many who do not need Rotary. I needed it. By lifting we lift ourselves.

Should I fail to become a good Rotarian, in time, Rotary's influence will not be lost. From each Thursday luncheon I must carry some of it with me, even though I know it not. And somebody, before that influence wears off, may profit by it.

When I grow old in Rotary, with the natural prestige that comes with seniority, I shall rise, some day, and ask the president for the floor. Then, in the confident tone of the veteran clubman, I shall plead for a membership augmented by young men who need Rotary. I shall do this, not alone that these young men may benefit, but that my club may not stagnate in the lack of building within itself.

My club, and your club, ought to build Rotarians.

Your Boy and Mine

What can we really give them?

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

TWO boy articles of mine—one in THE ROTARIAN and one in a popular magazine—brought me dozens of letters from Rotarians and I tell the fact for a reason. I know now that Rotary men are in earnest. A boy program is not a sham but a reality in many clubs. Various similar organizations—such as Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, and others, are more sincere than the sceptical world think they are.

What I here set forth concerning boys is not intended to be scholastic. It is not a culling of Scout texts nor pedagogical treatises. Maybe I know that side, too. But my studies of life come from life. I love to talk boys. I love to write boys. But more than all I love boys.

Nor is my title amiss this time. For your boy is my boy. And thirteen-year-old Gilmore (we made him a Junior to redeem the name!) is *your boy* and I am vastly concerned how you are going to treat this youngster of mine.

There have been various attempts at linking boy and man life. These have enjoyed varying success. In Pennsylvania I know of a brilliant young man who is a leader of a group of young men who are assuming a leadership in a community where good leadership had been an unknown factor. It was the successful effort of a certain church to mean something to the boy life of that church. It opened into a boys' choir, into camping activities, then into a clubhouse, the studio of the founder who was a talented musician. Years ago I belonged to "the Baptist Boys' Brigade" with wooden guns and certain hours of drill and certain hours of religious training. It took fifty restless boys to a summer resort and gave them a program and loads of fun. It started me walking respectfully, the first time in my life. That movement was backed by a gracious lady of wealth and an eager zeal for boys. God had given her none. I can see and have seen a real good when some individual church plans and executes such a tie-up. Usually, however, the work falls to the lone man or to the few. The real connection of worth means all the men and all the boys.

I have favored the Scout movement. Conducted rightly it is a boon to boyhood. A week ago I spoke to the Scouts of an Ohio county at Springfield. My

"OUR boys do not need our education—a real he-lad can make his way through any university. They do not need our money in bank-stock or inherited home or business or farm. Every boy deserves one hour a day from his father." Thus argues the father who wrote this article. Do you think the boys of your city get that hour?

personal joy was keen, although just how much they enjoyed me is problematical. These boys have a splendid, well-paid executive for the entire county. They also enjoy this summer the presence of an Indian and his fine family group who are teaching Indian lore and camp-craft. These lads staged a series of stunts. Their burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet" makes me laugh to this day. The repartee—with strong hints of classic phrasing and a somewhat hectic mixture of American slang—will stay with me for months.

Briefly this, if the Scouts are financially and personally backed by men of affection and honest purpose, then they will succeed. To delegate the Rotarian who happens to be minister or the school-principal to have charge of the Scouts is a shifting of the real job. An effective tie-up means all the men and all the boys.

The Hy-Y has meant much when it has brought faculty men close to high-school boys in a mixture of religious training and comradeship.

The "how" of such a linking is simple: It takes only one thing, and that is men who can recall their own boyhood and can appreciate and enjoy with a bunch of lads their own joys, their problems, their work, their struggles, their social outreachings.

It was my good luck to become acquainted with Payson Smith of Boston—a great-hearted man with a mind big enough to head the school system of Massachusetts.

Said this expert: "There is no average boy! Tell the color of his eyes.

Tell the size of his mind. What is his heart power?"

Then there is Rotarian Arthur Morey, superintendent of the wonderful Commonwealth Steel Company of Granite City, Illinois. Arthur once took me all over his mammoth plant.

He knows thoroughly that most problematic boy of the century—the wage-earning boy. Arthur understands and loves him.

"Jimmie," said Arthur thoughtfully, "every boy here is an individual. His home is unlike other homes. His parents were unlike other parents. You cannot bulk boys! Each is a study and we try as best we can to meet individual needs."

Arthur Morey claims to be no genius—but he is one.

He showed me their school. He takes a boy with few advantages and puts him into a school—right at the plant! It is what educators call a "Continuation school"—part work and part school. And wages all the time.

"It is to our advantage," claims Arthur. "We get better workmen. We are creating a force of more intelligent artisans. Maybe a boy might have gone on in school, but he didn't see the advantage. We catch him in his later teens. We honestly feel in equipping this school and bringing real educators before them that we are building citizens. That makes us happy."

In this way they discover the "get-ahead" boy. They locate organic defects of hearing and sight. They develop the individual tastes. All this is a part of a great program of welfare work. But you and I would never label it as such.

IT is my good fortune to address many high-school students. I believe I know a hundred boys where the business man knows five or ten. *I never yet have seen an average boy.* Let the business man arise and say whether clerks, office-workers, factory-hands are general types and can be handled by a mass-formula. That is off my beat. But I know from juvenile judges, from teachers and educators, and from fathers and mothers that no two boys were ever alike. They take therefore an individual treatment if we crave a genuine response in obedience or service.

I know a Rotarian who is many

time my mental superior. (I know thousands!) But I know one individual whose abilities I envy. But he actually treats a sixteen-year-old son with exactly the same mental attack he does his factory foremen. It is "Jack, economic laws compel a man to take full cognizance of his assets and never go beyond them;" or, "Jack, department is a social factor, not a matter of individual taste." The boy grins, shuffles off, and does exactly as he pleases. He doesn't quite "get" Dad, he tells me later. I often wonder if many of the foremen do, either. For his father is a bookish man of fine habits and excellent taste but withal a gentleman of books and theories and creeds and laws.

That is exactly like feeding chickens by erecting huge and stalwart vats ten feet from the ground. You must feed chickens where they are. You feed boys where they are.

GILMORE of thirteen is not in my world. He would be abnormal and a horrible mess, if he were. The channels of his thoughts and feelings are within my reach. But the channels of my heart and head are beyond his wildest imagination. I have made blunders by scores; I have suffered; I have fought; I have dreamed and failed and prayed. My heart has grown mature under the weight of cares and hardships and many, many surrenders. His mental and physical heart is tender and unused to the burdens it will sometime have to bear.

Because we live in different worlds, I am trying in a blundering sort of way to give this little "side-wheeler" of mine a peep at my world. Do you know children will not beg money from you if they know just how difficult it is to make it, if they know the price you pay in energy and work to obtain the money that must go into the living of a home?

"Gig" and I attempt to talk things through. I am often in Chicago. Last year three times I asked the high-school officials if they would not let me try my hand at educating that lad a little, too. I surrendered some comforts and took the son along with me in our car. We heard the Little Symphony at the Art Institute. We saw a clean comedy or two. We sauntered through great stores. Briefly, we "did" Chicago.

Two things came from our trips: One is a close touch that comes from being hour after hour together in conversation. Our boys do not need our education—a real he-lad can make his own way through any university. They

do not need our money in bank-stock or inherited home or business or farm. *Every boy deserves one hour a day from his father.*

Boys will not talk unless they know their father. Boys will not confess mistakes unless they know how deep is the well of sympathy. No boy will paint for you a picture of his plans and dreams with the chance that he may be laughed at a moment later. There are boys—many of them—that have no contacts with father save the relationship of dictator and slave.

Let me tell you of an episode that concerns Binnie and Harry Smith. They live at Shelbyville, Indiana. I somehow feel that nobody anywhere builds better parlor furniture than these same Smiths. (I am not discussing the Smith Brothers who are trying to stop your cough.) Binnie is the father and Harry is the son.

I was on a chautauqua circuit and Harry was in a musical company on the same circuit. One day we got to knowing each other.

"Doctor," he said with gleaming eyes, "I want you to read this letter. It is from Dad—Binnie Smith—you know him." I did know him and I read that letter. It was tenderness—the fine-strung web of silken emotion that one might expect from a mother. It was knowledge—the well-formed facts of Life that had come out of years of clean, energetic, useful living. It was sympathy—the understanding kind that left the office and took up the dreams of a young man who wanted to be a great tenor.

Then Harry told me how Binnie had let him go his own way. True, he wanted the boy in business with him but if music was to be his real love, why everything must bend to it. Today Harry's beautiful voice is used in Rotary, in city life, in church, and is a great asset. But a careful father has seen his boy turn into the line for which he was best qualified.

Nagging would have sent the talented young man into the music world with a scowl on his face and discord in his heart. Abuse would have broken the comradeship. Binnie, the dad,

came down to the young man's world, read it, understood it, and finally the older man's wisdom won without persuasion or scolding.

Happy is the father who knows that every boy lives in a world apart. For knowing he can plan excursions into the heart of that world.

Why do we forget our own youth so tragically soon? We surely know our own sex impulses; we can recall our earlier battle for clean living.

It takes no prophetic vision to see this truth: A tired boy is a sleepy boy, a healthy boy, likewise a normal boy and a good boy. *No weary boy ever sought bad companionships.* Personally I have blundered too often to think myself very wise, but I know that "Gig" must be made weary. His body must be given hours of as strenuous play as I can devise. He is too young, now, to have the physical body of the boys who make the teams. Also he can go to wrack and ruin between four in the afternoon and ten at night!

The boy of the metropolis has municipal parks, courts, golf-courses, and recreation-halls. I recently saw a half-dozen recreation-halls that are quickly taking the places of low and degrading pool-rooms—places so clean and fine that I would not hesitate to take my wife into their wholesome atmosphere for bowling, billiards, or a bite of luncheon.

A THOROUGHLY tired boy is not thinking in terms of "necking," of roadhouse, or resort. Some way the Maker thought this boy-life question all through. The most vigorous boy can have hours of dreamless sleep if Dad or society or school or church have thought out a place for his physical expression.

It is our civic duty to provide places for bodily exercise. I like to find those schools where a boy is not only taught his Latin or mathematics but is given faculty-supervised recreation. I recently told a great midwestern college that I did not side with the faculty ruling against students going to a certain pool-room until they (the faculty) had provided something better! The

head of the mathematics department is now planning to bring to that fine institution bowling-alleys. In the basement of our home we have a real billiard-table. No smoking, no betting, no profanity—but hours of strenuous work on angles and shots. We now plan for the Fall a small-sized home gymnasium.

We spend thousands of dollars on school gymnasiums. I know a city with four hundred boys with a gymnasium

(Cont'd on page 54)



How Would You Rate Yourself?

QUESTIONNAIRES are in vogue just now; you can test your knowledge of almost any subject by taking time to fill in the blanks or cross out the wrong answer. Yet it remains true that "Know thyself" is still the clue to the most fundamental knowledge. Hence this venture to offer one more questionnaire.

This particular questionnaire, frankly answered, will enable you to rate yourself—to estimate how well you compare with ideals such as Rotary and other organizations believe in. The rating is left to your own decisions. Self-examination has this merit—no one but yourself can be fooled by evasions. There is no likelihood that anyone will get a perfect score but whoever shoots at the sun may hit a star.

Vocation

- ☐ 1. I am always conscious that I represent every other man who has the same vocation as myself.
- ☐ 2. I aim to give perfect service and, where any doubt exists, to give service beyond the strict measure of obligation.
- ☐ 3. I am active in a trade or professional organization.
- ☐ 4. I conceal no facts when ignorance of the truth would leave the buyer at a disadvantage.
- ☐ 5. My credit is good, my promise binding with or without record.
- ☐ 6. My employees are paid at least the standard wage—and this standard permits of decent living with a savings margin of at least ten per cent.
- ☐ 7. The welfare and safety of my employees is as important to me as my own.
- ☐ 8. I never speak disparagingly of my competitors in an attempt to secure more custom for myself.
- ☐ 9. I never attempt to sell a customer what he does not want or should not have.
- ☐ 10. I do not abuse a friendly confidence for my own profit.
- ☐ 11. If I cannot furnish what a customer wants I try to tell him where he can get it.
- ☐ 12. I use my business as an opportunity to exemplify my duty as a good citizen and in its conduct I practice my own religious beliefs.

Education

- ☐ 13. I maintain that everyone should be as well educated as his mentality permits.
- ☐ 14. I am interested in securing good teachers, fairly paid.
- ☐ 15. I cheerfully pay necessary taxes that the public schools may be well-equipped, fire-proof as possible, and sanitary.
- ☐ 16. I promote clean athletics.
- ☐ 17. Visiting schools is a part of my civic duty and my family responsibility.

- ☐ 18. I realize that the immature are more easily influenced for good or bad than their elders.
- ☐ 19. I help deserving students to get an education.
- ☐ 20. I take personal interest in some junior organization.
- ☐ 21. I explain my business to interested youngsters so that they, in turn, may choose their vocation wisely.
- ☐ 22. I realize that the education of my own children is partly dependent on my sympathetic understanding of their school problems.
- ☐ 23. I am informed concerning the organization and management of the public schools, and take time to promote proper supervision.
- ☐ 24. I do not neglect my own education but appreciate that my educational processes should cease only with life itself.
- ☐ 25. I respect honest differences of opinion.
- ☐ 26. I believe that children should be influenced by fine arts through an aesthetic environment; by the sciences through an ordered existence; by religion through a reverent attitude toward all worthy things.

Home Life

- ☐ 27. I give my children part of my time each day.
- ☐ 28. I discuss life problems with them and do not evade responsibility for their character.
- ☐ 29. I see that my wife and children have regular physical and dental examinations—and guard my own health for their sake as well as for my own interest.
- ☐ 30. I take a hand in the physical work of my household.
- ☐ 31. I carry sufficient insurance to protect my family.
- ☐ 32. I make my home as attractive as possible so that my family will want to stay there.
- ☐ 33. I am careful what subjects I discuss in the presence of children.

Try these questions on your conscience—no one need ever know what answers you made but perhaps someone will be happier because you took the time to look over this list. There are fifty questions, so you can easily arrive at percentages by giving yourself two points for each to which you can freely subscribe; one point for each objective which you have honestly tried for but not obtained. Total the results and you will know how excellent you are in four of the chief human relationships.

Don't be alarmed if the percentage seems unduly low. Think how dull this world would be without new goals to reach.

- ☐ 34. My wife shares my social life as well as my home life.
- ☐ 35. I am something more than a pay-check to my family.
- ☐ 36. I respect the sanctity of my own home and of other homes.
- ☐ 37. I realize that the joint life of a married couple implies mutual responsibilities far beyond those of a mere legal partnership.
- ☐ 38. I practice religious and racial tolerance and encourage my family to seek the good wherever found.
- ☐ 39. I believe that my family has the right to share all my joys and my inevitable sorrows, but that I have no right to cause them needless grief.

Government

- ☐ 40. I support good government.
- ☐ 41. I vote at elections and encourage my family and my employees to use their franchise.
- ☐ 42. I know enough about the qualifications of various candidates to vote intelligently.
- ☐ 43. I believe in the law of my land and observe its letter and spirit in all my dealings.
- ☐ 44. I do what I can to promote friendly relations between nations.
- ☐ 45. I am not criminally careless with my own life or the lives of others.
- ☐ 46. I make honest reports of my possessions as the government requires and pay my share of taxes.
- ☐ 47. I do not take unfair advantage of opportunities which come to me solely because of my place in the social order.
- ☐ 48. I want the best government regardless of party lines or other traditions.
- ☐ 49. I work for a more beautiful city and wholesome civic life.
- ☐ 50. Whenever possible I accept public trust; but first assure myself that I have the necessary qualifications for such.

Note—Other questions may be substituted for those which may not apply to you. Those without children or unmarried may substitute additional questions for Nos. 27 to 39 inclusive. Your percentage on each individual question can then be ascertained by dividing the number of remaining questions into one hundred.

Boot-Straps and Percentages

Questionnaires and the art of self-development

By Ellis Parker Butler

SOMEWHERE near this you'll find a questionnaire that occupies a page and is embellished with nice little voting-booths where you can jot down "2" or "1" or "0," just as your conscience permits. I understand it was prepared by some of the fellows in the editorial office of THE ROTARIAN—probably one of them suddenly remembered that he used to take home a pound box of chocolates every Saturday and that he had not done so since the week before Washington crossed the Delaware, and his conscience woke up and bit him, thus suggesting Question 35, "I am something more than a pay-check to my family."

I have gone over the questionnaire carefully, and in the boxes in front of two of the questions I can place a big black perfect "2." One of these is Question 44. I do what I can to promote friendly relations between nations. The other is Question 32. I do make my home as attractive as possible; I do what I can to make it a fair and beautiful place by sitting myself down in it as soon as I get out of bed, giving one and all the opportunity to stand around and enjoy seeing me; not infrequently I increase the attractiveness of my home by putting on a clean collar and brushing my hair. Quite often ladies say to my wife, "How attractive your home must be with your husband at home all day and every day!" To this my wife almost invariably replies, in a bright and cheerful voice, "Yes, it does look like rain, doesn't it?"

Regarding most of the other questions I feel a little shy about telling what I put down for them. To be quite frank, I did not enter figures that would total 100 per cent. One reason was that I thought it would be rather snobbish of me to be 100 per cent pure when Ivory Soap—which, as you might say, has been an-

swering questionnaires for years—claims only 99 44-100 per cent and four out of every five still have pyorrhea. It will be sufficient to say that my rating was less than 99 44-100 per cent and more than 4 per cent. I would be a little suspicious of a man who gave himself 100 per cent on that questionnaire. I would not believe him. He would be too perfect; nothing but the combination can-opener, apple-corer, potato-slicer, lid-lifter that the peddler sells at the door could be as perfect as that. And it is no good.

But what interested me most in this questionnaire was the broad question whether questionnaires in general—and this one in particular—are worth anything? We had a man out in our town when I was a young fellow and he was a metal-worker and mechanic and in-

ventor, and one of the things he set about inventing was a perpetual-motion machine.

In those days nearly everyone was inventing perpetual-motion machines—everyone was trying to perfect a machine that would continue running after it was once started and that would not stop running till the end of the world—and this man Sam Tucker was sure he was on the right track. He had something like a hundred inventions to his credit already and among other things he had made himself a lathe that was the runningest thing I have ever seen. I used to drop into his shop in the morning—I was always a faithful fellow—and give the foot-treadle one push, and when I went home in the evening the lathe would still be turning away and giving no sign of stopping. He told me once how long it had run without stopping, but I have forgotten the exact number of days and hours and minutes. It was a long time, but it wasn't forever, not by several million years.

THAT lathe, however, gave Sam Tucker the idea of inventing perpetual motion, and he certainly was faithful at the job. He spent months on it. He had his shop so full of blueprints that they stuck out of the windows, and whenever he was sure he had worked out a perfect theory he would start in to build a model. He had the place full of models that looked like everything from a Ferris wheel to a squirrel cage.

The trouble was that just when he had a model so that it was all but perfect he would discover some one additional thing that had to be done to it before it would work.

"All I've got to do," he would explain, "is to figure out a way to shift this 'dooflapper.' When I get this 'dooflapper' so it will topple this little lever and let it drop this



Photo: D. Jay Culver, New York

Here is Ellis Parker Butler digging for bait—or possibly just for exercise. He does not expect his garden to raise itself by its boot-straps—but uses the old-fashioned spade. Perhaps this or a similar effort furnished the idea for his comments in this article on, "Go to the ant thou sluggard," and the pipe doubtless helped reflection if not digging. Registered by the chart opposite, he says, his score would be somewhere between 4 per cent and 99.44 per cent.

gadget into this groove here, this wheel will turn over and release this other lever, and I'll be all right. Then this other cog will flop up and catch this other gadget, and I'll have perpetual motion, you bet!"

You could see just how it would work, too. But if you went back a week later you would find he had discarded that machine and he would be working on one that had little glass marbles dropping from one little tin bucket to another little tin bucket on a wheel. And then he would discard that one. The trouble was that there was always some little "dingus" that had to be taken from behind some gadget and put in front of some lever or the "dooflapper" would not flop—and when that was done the lever always bumped into the "dingus," or something else was the matter. Then he would make a few thousand more blueprints and begin another model, all as bright and merry as the birds in the spring.

Nothing discouraged him. He had been an inventor so long that, I suppose, his family had become used to living on hay and corncocks, and he was not the sort of man who gives up. He told me once about the days when he was a captured soldier and shut up in prison, where life was one awful misery. There wasn't enough food, and there wasn't enough clothing, and there wasn't enough shelter, and it was cold and wet and miserable, and only those who had some real money could alleviate their misery, and Sam Tucker and his mate there had no money. All they had was a sort of shelter they had made, part gunny-sack roof and part dugout, and they were no better off than many who had to lie on the wet ground of the prison yard.

So presently, one evening, a new batch of captured soldiers was herded into the prison yard, and it was so crowded that beds had to be shared. The poor fellow assigned to Sam Tucker and his partner was a chaplain—and a nice fellow he was, too, so they took him in and made room for him between them on their bed of musty straw. The poor fellow had been marching for days and days and he was dead tired and fell at once into a sound sleep. A cannon exploding at his ear would not have awakened him. So, along about midnight, Sam Tucker's partner sat up and reached across the chaplain and poked Sam until he was awake.

"Say, listen, Sam!" the partner said. "This new man here—I went through his clothes. Look here—he's got a wallet with one hundred dollars real money in it. Now, listen, Sam! We've been here a long time, and we're starved down to skin and bone, and if we starve much more we'll be dead. We can get some real food for this money, Sam. It will save our lives, Sam. And this fellow is fat—actually fat—and he won't begin to be as hungry as we are for months yet. Listen, Sam! Maybe he won't need this money at all. He's a chaplain, and as like as not he'll be exchanged and be out of here in a week. And, who knows? Maybe the war will be over in two weeks or so. We ought to have this money, Sam."

"No, George!" Sam Tucker said. "No! Put that money back in his pocket, George. Remember he is a parson, George, thinking no evil and lying down between us like a lamb. Remember, George, that we opened our arms to him and offered him hospitality, and he accepted it in good faith. I'm surprised at you, George! The idea of robbing a poor, helpless parson the very first night he comes to us! It would ruin his faith in human nature, George. I won't have you rob him the very first night he comes into our humble home. Put his money back in

his pocket, George; he ain't going away—we'll take it tomorrow night."

So they took it the next night.

And that was Sam Tucker—always just and fair and square and doing the best according to his lights—and, along in the fall of the year he gave to inventing perpetual motion, remembering he had promised in January that he would come right out to a farm and connect up a hog-feed boiler with the farmer's water-tank, and he put his tools in a sack and went out to the farm to do the job. Possibly his family had run out of hay and corncocks and were hungry.

SO one noon Sam Tucker was sitting on a box out at the farm after he had had a good feed, and he had his blueprints spread out all around him, studying his perpetual-motion problem, when the farmer came around the end of the house with basket on his arm. He stopped to see what Sam Tucker was studying over so interestedly, and he looked down at the blueprints awhile but could make nothing of them.

"What you figgerin' out, Sam?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, Joe," Sam said. "I'm inventing a perpetual-motion machine. I've just about got it figured out, too."

And right there the farmer said the thing that ended perpetual-motion inventing for Sam Tucker for ever.

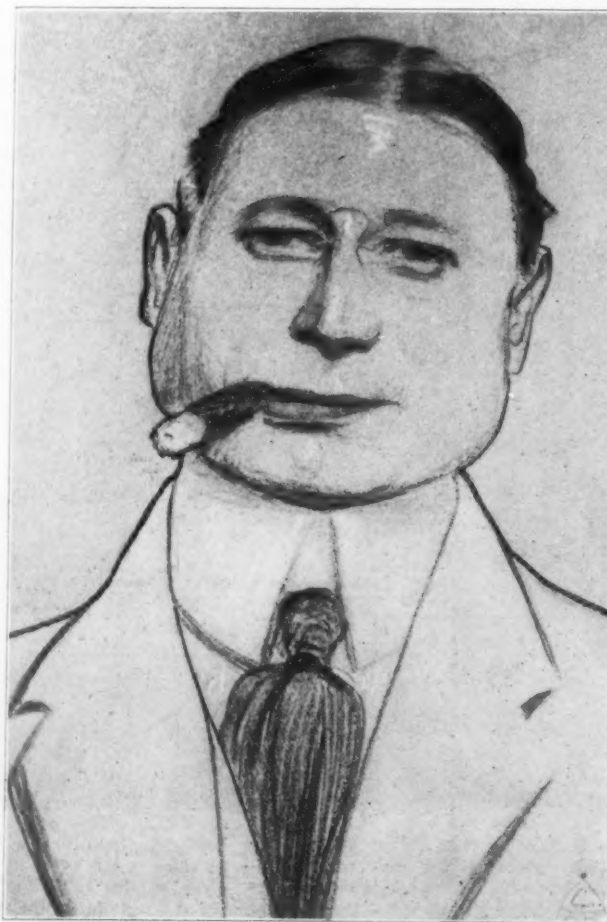
"Sam," the farmer said. "I'll tell you when you'll invent perpetual-motion—when I climb into this basket on my arm and carry myself to town and back you'll invent perpetual motion."

"And, by gosh!" Sam Tucker told me; "I saw right off what a dumb fool I was, and I tore up those blueprints then and there, and I haven't touched them since."

That wise old farmer invented a new proverb—"A man can't carry himself around in a basket on his own arm."

I thought of that when I was looking over this questionnaire and it brought to my mind another saying that I heard again and again when I was a young fellow—"No man can lift himself by his own boot-straps." I don't know how many times I heard that bit of condensed wisdom. It was a favorite with a lot of folks out there. The old fellows who sat in the sun in front of the livery stable, swapping stories,

(Cont'd on page 36)



A caricature of Ellis Parker Butler by the French artist, Leo Mielziner.

The Way of a Caddie With a Man

By Robert H. Davis

THE following story, told by Robert H. Davis, is reprinted through the courtesy of the New York Sun. Copyrighted, 1927, by the author.

THIS is dedicated to all golf players and to all caddies, and may be read with profit by all peoples. Those who play the ancient and honorable game and have humane impulses toward the bag bearers will not regret that the story has at last leaked out. Those who are brutal and unselfish and unkind to the boys who follow them down the fairway and into the rough and back again may come to understand the phrase: "If you like your caddie your caddie will like you."

* * * * *

To present the characters in chronological order would wholly destroy the force of the narrative. Therefore I begin in the middle and start the tale with two golfers stepping up to the first tee for eighteen holes. The older of the two was a kindly man who played a deliberate game, kept his head down, followed through and, out of consideration for his caddie, was content with seven clubs in a light canvas bag.

The other player, much younger, saturated with resolves, pride in his game and impatience, required twelve clubs and a heavy leather bag that when loaded weighed as much as a drummer's valise.

On the first hole he sliced his ball into the lush, expectant high grass and burst into a flood of imprecations embracing all present. Lost ball. Dropping another he got the hole in eight.

On the second tee he delivered a long lecture to the caddie on the subject of watching the ball. "I am not here to do your work," he remarked, flushing with resentment. "Now keep your eye peeled."

Dubbing his next shot he called the caddie back and with a snarl yanked a mashie out of the bag, throwing his driver on the grass at the boy's feet. Six strokes, missing a short putt. "Stand off the green when I am putting," he barked as he strode to the third tee.

A long sweet drive came at last to

repose in a divot scar. Unable to fix the responsibility on his caddie he cut loose and abused the greens committee. "Gimme a mashie niblick and stand over there. Quit moving. Don't rattle that bag." Topped it and glared at his opponent, who was the personification of serenity. The next shot was over the green into a trap.

From hole to hole he chafed and fretted. "Get back; you're casting a shadow," though the heavens were clouded and the sun was hidden. "Stop that chattering." The boy had said nothing. "Put that flag down." The flag was already down. "You gave me the wrong club." It was the club he asked for.

Finishing the ninth hole in fifty-four he took the bag from his caddie and waved the boy aside. "Go back to the clubhouse. Tell the caddie master you are not satisfactory. I'll carry my own bag. That's all."

Rating is as priceless to a caddie as it is to a banker. Small wonder that the boy was distressed, that his chin trembled at being sent back to bear the news of his disgrace. Without a word he turned and slowly crossed the course, taking a circuitous route so that he could prepare his dire message.

"That caddie don't like me," said the grouch to his friend, "and I'm damn sure I don't like him. It is disgusting that here on this oldest American course, these perfect greens, this cool and exhilarating day with an old friend, I have my whole game ruined by that kid. Thank God he's gone."

The next six holes were played in strained silence. The game that rejuvenates and makes the heart glad had lost its savor. Nothing could revive the glory of the shattered afternoon. On the sixteenth tee, which is sheltered in a bower of verdant beauty, the two players sat down to rest. Nothing was said until the older player broke the silence.

"Several years ago," he began, tapping the turf with the head of his driver, "a little kid from Yonkers came up here and was taken on as a caddie. Wonderfully sweet natured boy; quick witted, willing and had a nose for golf. Everybody liked him. His name was William; he had a club foot. But that

didn't affect his quality as a caddie. Pleasure to go out with him. A certain famous doctor, member of the club, became interested in William and took the boy South on a long trip. When William returned he went back to caddying; the doctor, suffering from an incurable malady, gave up his practice and retired.

"One morning I was playing a round with William carrying my bag. Spring was running riot all over Westchester county and the fields and hedges were alive with blossoms. William gathered flowers until he had quite a bouquet.

"Who's the girl, William?" I asked.

"I haven't any girl, sir," he said sheepishly. I joked with him about it and with just a touch of apology he replied. "My friend, the doctor is dead. Twice a week I take flowers to his grave."

"There's a caddie worth having," said the grouch.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the narrator, disregarding the interruption, "when the doctor died he was buried from St. John's, Yonkers. When the body was brought out of the church there on the steps, with six other caddies stood William. Each boy had a large bouquet of wild flowers which they placed upon the coffin. And some of the flowers fell off; and the boys followed the casket and picked them up again and replaced them and boyish tears were shed to the very door of the hearse. William and those six caddies did that because—they loved him." The old golfer ceased speaking. "What became of William?" was the husky query.

"He carried your bag to-day for the first nine holes—or until you sent him back."

"But you said William had a club foot?"

"And so he did until his friend the doctor took him away on that Southern trip, operated and brought him back whole again. Yes, sir, no finer caddie exists on this earth." The old golfer stepped up to his ball to address it, talking as he moved: "And it is well to remember that if you like your caddie your caddie will like you. FORE!"

Broadcasting Rotary's Program

Planning and coordinating the activities of Rotary

By Frank L. Mulholland

*Chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee
of Rotary International*

ORGANIZATIONS as a general rule take form gradually. Each year shows new needs—or new fields for work; each year brings new administrative machinery devised to facilitate the better co-operation of the whole. From the very beginning of Rotary in 1905, certain clubs became interested in various activities which now hold a prominent place in the activities of all Rotary clubs. Such interests as Community Service were suggested during the first few years when there were only a few clubs. As these various projects were added to the club programs on an increasingly large scale there arose the necessity for specialized effort—so we began to have boys work committees and other committees in the various member clubs. The next step was the formation of parallel committees for Rotary International so that lessons learned by individual clubs might be passed along for the benefit of all clubs.

But in the formation of these various committees, and they came into existence rather rapidly, it was soon discovered that there was some confusion arising from the titles given to various committees, as well as an overlapping in their work. For instance, a club might have both a boys work committee and a community service committee—and find plenty of work for each one. Yet it was inevitable that some projects like crippled children's work or community playgrounds should fall within the scope of both these committees—that there should be some little hesitation over what part of the work should be undertaken by each group respectively. Other instances could be cited to show how this matter of Rotary committees could become complicated.

The Business Methods Committee served a useful purpose, but it became evident that the term "Business Methods" was not altogether a happy one, and led to much misunderstanding.

AS Rotary has grown and extended from one country to another, it has gained a larger outlook on its own ideals, and on questions of organization and policy. There has become apparent a need for a more comprehensive and better-coordinated presentation of the ideals of Rotary than has been available in the past. This need pointed to another: A revision of the committee structure of Rotary International. As a result, the recent Convention at Ostend provided for the establishing of an "Aims and Objects Committee" and associated or sub-committees on Vocational, Club and Community Service.

This new group of committees is definitely charged with giving the needed presentation of the aims and objects of Rotary and of assisting Rotary clubs with suggestions as to the work of the new International committees and parallel committees in the individual clubs. The new International committees supplant the old committees on Business Methods, Rotary Education and Boys Work, at the same time coordinating the work previously assigned to them and covering a wider field of Rotary interests and activities.

Likewise, the Rotary Education Committee served a useful purpose, but here too, the name of the committee had provided opportunities for misunderstandings and criticisms. As some have said, when we are grown up we do not like to be reminded that we need education. We know in our hearts that we do, but we like to assume that we have finished it some years ago.

A study of this entire question by the Board of Directors of Rotary International for last year developed the conclusion that whatever is accomplished through Rotary Education, such education should include all the Six Objects of Rotary; that education with reference to higher standards and practices in business and professions is in effect education as to Rotary aims and objects; that the giving of counsel to Rotary clubs and Rotarians regarding community service is to a great extent, an education in the application of the Ideal of Service in their relationships to society as a whole.

It was therefore felt that all of the educational work with reference to the aims and objects of Rotary might well be grouped under one committee. The Ostend Convention accomplished this by providing for the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International with three subsidiary committees to the general committee: One dealing with vocational service or the application of the Ideal of Service by a Rotarian to his business or professional life, which will include all the work heretofore designated as Business Methods. The second, dealt with Club Service or the application of the Ideal of Service by a Rotarian to the internal organization of the club, including methods of selecting and educating new members, fellowship, classification, attendance, and so forth. The third dealt with Community Service or the application of the Ideal of Service by a Rotarian to his social or community life.

IT is the duty of the Aims and Objects Committee:

- (1) To develop throughout Rotary a wider and fuller understanding of the aims and objects of the Rotary movement and a knowledge of its history, scope, and organization.
 - (2) To define the principles embodied in the aims and objects.
 - (3) To prepare suggestions as to the practical application of these principles to the individual Rotarian, to Rotary clubs, and to the public.
 - (4) To draft and suggest programs for club meetings on the Rotary movement and its aims and objects and to prepare pamphlets explanatory thereof for circulation to clubs.
 - (5) To supervise and coordinate the activities of the Vocational Service Committee, the Club Service Committee, and the Community Service and Boys Work Committee, and to circulate all helpful information and counsel for clubs prepared by them and approved by the Aims and Objects Committee.
- The Vocational Service Committee is charged with the preparation of help-

ful information regarding modern, progressive and ethical methods and standards of business and professions, and their special application to the relationships of commerce and industry and to the fellowship of nations.

The Club Service Committee will concern itself with matters dealing chiefly with the internal organization of the member clubs, such as methods of selecting and educating members, fellowship, promotion of attendance at club meetings, conferences, conventions and so forth.

It shall be the duty of the Community Service and Boys Work Committee to prepare helpful information relating to community service in general and boys work in particular.

From this recital the reader will understand that the Aims and Objects Committee did not suddenly evolve from the inner consciousness of the newly elected administration of Rotary International but has resulted from a series of very slow steps taken at thoughtful intervals—the result of years of experience and a careful study by Rotarians throughout the Rotary world and particularly by the officers of the British Association where this plan was in operation for a year prior to the convening of the Ostend Convention. Here, in actual experimentation, it had tended to coordinate Rotary activities and prevent the overlapping of committee efforts to a remarkable degree.

The primary purpose of Rotary International as an institution in the social order is to inspire and encourage Rotarians and others directly and indirectly to achieve the objects of Rotary. To achieve this purpose the Six Objects of Rotary should be clearly understood by each Rotarian and every Rotarian should realize and accept his responsibility as a member of his club, for personal effort is an example in the achievement of these objects.

Rotary International is now a far-reaching movement. Such an institution to be a real force must have a program. It cannot and does not function in a haphazard manner and for that very reason Rotary has a definite program as set forth in the Six Objects of Rotary International.

To encourage and foster:

- (1) The ideal of service as a basis of all worthy enterprise;
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions;
- (3) The application of the Ideal of Service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life;
- (4) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service;
- (5) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society;
- (6) The advancement of understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

There are three principal channels open to the Rotarian seeking to promote the Six Objects of Rotary and thus promote the program of Rotary International.

First, there is activity in his own club, Club Service; second, there is activity in his own trade or profession, Vocational Service; and third, there is activity in furthering the interest of his community, Community Service.

Perhaps you can better visualize the adaptation of the Aims and Objects Committee to parallel committees in the local Rotary club by a reference to the diagram printed on this page.

There is nothing revolutionary in the establishment of the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International. Nothing is proposed that has not been heretofore undertaken, and the new plan is really nothing more than a re-diagraming of the program of Rotary International in the sincere desire to secure a proper coordination of committee activities, to prevent the duplication of effort due to the overlapping of committee efforts, to take up the lost motion, and to approach a consideration of the educational program of Rotary International by the use of terms easily translatable into the daily life of the individual Rotarian. All this to the end that we put Rotary into Rotary clubs throughout the world by an intelligent

appeal for the exemplification of the Ideal of Service by each Rotarian in his relation to his club, in his relation to his business or profession, and in his relation to his community.

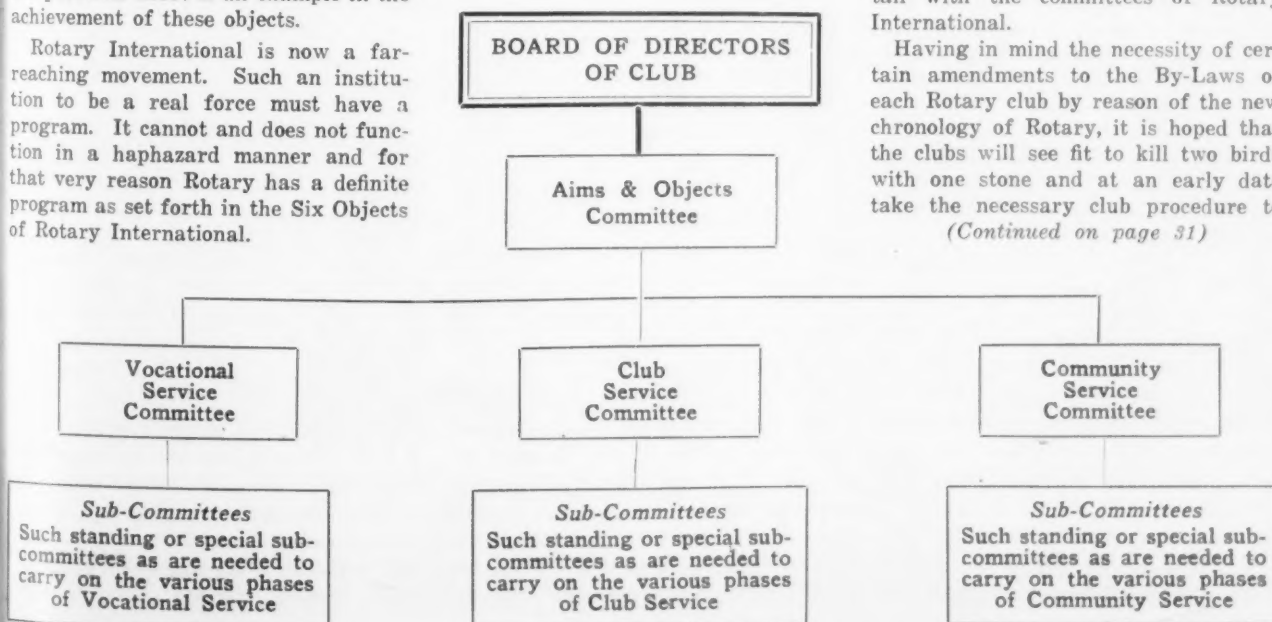
Before the committees of local Rotary clubs may be consolidated, renamed, and their duties redefined so as to be brought into complete alignment with the committees of Rotary International as contemplated in the action of the Ostend Convention, the By-Laws of the local club will need to be amended. For the assistance of the clubs in so amending their by-laws, the International Board of Directors has amended the Model By-Laws and has authorized the publication of a pamphlet (The Aims and Objects Pamphlet, No. 3) in which the new amendments appear. This pamphlet is being distributed to all districted clubs in North and South America through the district governors.

It is earnestly desired that each club amend its By-Laws so as to provide a committee to be known as the Aims and Objects Committee—this committee to be composed of the president, the secretary, and the chairman of the Club Service Committee, the chairman of the Vocational Service Committee and the chairman of the Committee on Community Service and Boys Work.

There will need to be named, therefore, a Club Service Committee, a Vocational Service Committee, and a Community Service Committee. This should be done, if possible, just as soon as such an amendment may be adopted without interfering with the present activities of the club. While it is not intended that such arrangement shall disrupt the present existing machinery of the local club, such action, if taken before the expiration of the present Rotary year will insure that the new committees appointed by the next administration of the various clubs will dovetail with the committees of Rotary International.

Having in mind the necessity of certain amendments to the By-Laws of each Rotary club by reason of the new chronology of Rotary, it is hoped that the clubs will see fit to kill two birds with one stone and at an early date take the necessary club procedure to

(Continued on page 31)





During the post-convention activities in London, officials of Rotary International, in behalf of all Rotarians, laid a wreath of immortelles on the Cenotaph—memorial to British soldiers of the World War. Left to right the participants are: Thomas Stephenson, Edinburgh, Scotland, president of the British Association; Arthur H. Sapp, Huntington, Indiana, U. S. A., president of Rotary International; Harry H. Rogers, San Antonio, Texas, immediate past president, Rotary International; and Sydney W. Pascall, London, England, immediate past president, British Association.

Memories of Buckingham Palace

By Arthur H. Sapp

President of Rotary International

SATURDAY, July 2, 1927, was a day that will long be remembered by some two-score Rotarians and their ladies. For on that date past and present officials of Rotary International and a like group of the officers of the British Association were privileged to visit Buckingham Palace where they were presented to the rulers of the British Commonwealth. The ladies naturally were on the *qui vive* that day; for that matter the men wore expressions of unusual dignity.

In accordance with the careful arrangements made by Sydney W. Pascall, immediate past-president of the British Association, and his associates, the cavalcade of automobiles bearing approximately seventy-five persons moved slowly from the Hotel Cecil until it reached the Palace.

Approaching the quarters of the chief executive of any great nation makes one reverent, because of

the innumerable historic associations aroused. Such buildings, I think, come also to represent to the rest of the world whatever things have been done particularly well by that nation. In this instance I am sure that each of our party was reminded that here stood not only a palace but a home—representative of many million homes where British traditions are preserved.

We passed within the gateway facing the Mall, and here a crowd had assembled to witness the ceremony of Changing the Guard. Driving into the inner yard we arrived at the unostentatious but dignified entrance to the Palace itself.

As we were quietly ushered up the grand staircase we noted paintings and sculptures worthy of the splendid interiors. Then we arrived at a great reception-room, decorated in scarlet and gold, with chairs and settees upholstered in olive green. While we waited here before passing into the

Throne Room where the presentation would take place, we made the most of our opportunities to observe the elegant marbles, the dainty china, the excellent portraits of royalty.

During our brief wait too, one could hear the quiet hum of conversation. Between sentences we could hear the military band outside, could remember that music is an international language—though our native speech is not always so, as bits of the conversation proved. Much of this conversation, I am sure was directly or indirectly inspired by the many things the Rotarians of London and vicinity did for overseas visitors after the convention. For those who were not able to enjoy this hospitality I might mention that it was arranged that the headquarters of London Rotary should be attended by volunteer members every day (Sundays included) from 8:30 in the morning until 10:30 at night—or later if some oversea member needed help.

Many of those on the two committees in charge surrendered much personal comfort, in some cases even gave up their vacations to make the reception a success. Every day there were tours to places of interest in the city, excursions to beauty spots along the Thames. L. G. Sloan entertained 600 Rotarians at his home and on another occasion had 120 at a luncheon in the Vintners' Hall. There was also a great Sunday evening service at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and a well-organized gathering at the Guildhall. All this and much more was done for the pleasure of overseas visitors, of whom I believe there were considerably more than a thousand within a month.

But before we had much chance to compare notes and make new attempts at expressing gratitude, it was nearly time for the Royal reception. Sydney Pascall acted as master-of-ceremonies and, co-operating with Harry H. Rogers, Immediate Past President of Rotary International, made the final arrangements with the Lord Chamberlain.

Shortly before eleven we were ushered into the Throne Room. Under the able direction of the Lord Chamberlain our party was formed in lines of ten, each line placed in order of precedence. Promptly at eleven there entered the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household-in-Waiting, who with the Lord Chamberlain took up their posi-

tion at the right of the room. The Throne Room is magnificently furnished. Portraits of George III and other monarchs are illuminated by the light from crystal chandeliers, reflected in many mirrors, and on a dais stand two great antique chairs in scarlet and gold emblazoned with the Imperial crown.

An expectant hush fell on the audience, then without a moment's further delay, their Majesties quietly entered through a door in the left corner and moved to the center of the room, halting directly before the dais. (Some of our ladies inform me that the Queen's blue and grey dress was of chiffon velvet—I only know that it made a charming contrast to the rich red of the room, and that Her Majesty also wore a rope of pearls.)

THEIR Majesties first greeted Sydney Pascall, who in turn presented Harry Rogers to the King. After a conversation, which though brief sufficed for the King to reveal an intimate knowledge of Rotary's activities in various parts of the world, and graciously to express his approval of the organization's aims, Harry Rogers presented each guest in turn to their Majesties. Owing to the size of the assembly, their Majesties were only able to converse with a few of those presented.

After shaking hands with the King and Queen, the callers gladly availed themselves of the permission to visit

the Picture Gallery. Here is a collection with many works of the old masters, those of the Dutch and Spanish schools being especially prominent. A half hour was spent among these treasures of international repute before we returned to our automobiles.

Again the cavalcade was in motion and we were taken to a point near Whitehall Roadway where stands the Cenotaph—an imposing monument to British soldiers of the World War. We approached this memorial on foot, while Harry Rogers, Sydney Pascall, President Stephenson of the British Association, and myself, went ahead carrying a large Rotary emblem of immortelles. This was placed with befitting ceremony at the foot of the Cenotaph.

The journey was completed. As those privileged to have been at Buckingham Palace and at the Cenotaph turned quietly away to begin their return trip to their respective homes, I am sure they were all deeply appreciative of the many courtesies. And I thought again what a wonderful thing a home is, how it can inspire memories—and even sacrifice if need be.

Truly Rotary responds to the heart beats of the living, to such gracious hospitality as that of the rulers of the British Empire. Also does Rotary sympathize with the finer feelings of a truly great nation.



After the Ostend convention thousands of Rotarians and their ladies went on European tours, and immediately discovered that European Rotary clubs had prepared splendid hospitality features and special services to tourists. The group of Americans shown here was the first to reach Rome and the picture was taken in the gardens of the Grand Hotel de Russie where a dinner was held for the guests. The Rotary wheel shown in this picture was on exhibit at Ostend. It is made of pieces of wood furnished by Rotarians of 35 countries—a native wood in each case. These pieces were fitted to a black walnut hub by Rotarians of Carbondale, Illinois, whose delegate and past president, A. R. Boone (standing behind the wheel, at right), first suggested and then prepared in detail this way of illustrating Rotary's internationalism.



"... the woods are full of young whelps trying to marry money."

The story of the First Flapper of Pemberly Hills—

Renunciation

By Ernest Bell

Illustrations by H. Weston Taylor

ONE of the best ways to misunderstand a young female of the species is to call her a Flapper. One of the best ways to misunderstand anything is to put a label on it. Once the human mind puts a label on an article, an idea, or a human being it naturally believes the label to be more true and real than the actual thing itself. This, of course, is unwise. But it saves time, it saves thinking, and is a convenient device very often for dodging moral responsibilities. You just slap the label on and then dismiss the object because you do not approve the label.

The prolific incubation of Flappers

has caused considerable alarm in some quarters. Assuming a desire to convert our young women from Flapperism, wouldn't it be a good idea to stop calling them Flappers? Fundamentally they are nothing of the sort and anyhow they are probably getting rather tired of living up to the label and are—at a guess—quite ready to be something else.

Preferably themselves, why not? . . .

I

Mary Thomas happened to be labeled by an anonymous young college junior, back for the Easter holidays and anxious to show his home society a new

line of nifties. This was along about 1916—at a country club dance.

"Well—well," he declared, looking across the big, comfortable lobby where Mary was unconsciously displaying one of her lovely legs and smoking a cigarette, "well—well—well—if there isn't Mary Thomas, the First Flapper of Pemberly Hills!"

This remark seemed to go good and earned general acceptance. Apparently it pleased a number of mothers who were on hand to keep an eye on their young female petlings. Some of these petlings had a knack of vanishing between dances—of wandering innocently to the club verandah, thence down the

into the darkness and thence, sometimes, into the seclusion of closed out in the parking space.

It never occurred to these mothers that Mary Thomas, the First Flapper of Pemberly Hills, never did that sort of thing—that Mary had a code which prohibited mysterious disappearances at dances.

These self-same mothers pretended to worry about Mary a good deal because Mary had lost her mother in early childhood and had no one to bring her up but a self-preoccupied father and Aunt Mercy Thomas. Aunt Mercy Thomas was a fine woman, but she was excessively given over to antique furniture and cultural activities. Beside, as a rule, old maiden ladies are no good to advise about critical propositions in a young girl's life. They lack equipment.

Mary Thomas was not exactly a beauty, but she could—and did—achieve a youthful, spirited handsomeness at times, partly a physical endowment and partly an unstudied manner of its expression.

She made her best picture on a golf course, for the Thomas blood was definitely outdoor blood. There was an informal rhythm to her movements. The way she would toss her cigarette to the turf and take her stance for a shot. Then the grace as she bent over and flicked the cigarette out of the grass. A puff of smoke when she straightened up again, firm-bosomed, her skirt fluttering and compressing against her free swinging limbs and outlining the flow of thin, agile curve. There was the feeling of young, pliant muscle geared to the living ground under her feet and rejoicing in the sun, the trees, and the winds.

Perhaps it would have been just as well—in the year 1916—if Mary hadn't smoked while she played. A girl streaking along in the wide open spaces of a golf course, and coming under the notice of a hundred pairs of eyes in the rim of eighteen holes, somewhat magnifies her cigarette habit. At least, that is the ultimate effect it had. Public opinion closed in on the First Flapper of Pemberly Hills and drew a line.

It took the form of a letter of protest to the club governors. The letter was signed by ten of the women club members and cited that Mary Thomas smoked cigarettes while driving her car and on the golf course and in the as-

sembly rooms of the club, especially at dances. That Mary Thomas was the pioneer young lady cigarette-smoker (in public) of the town. That she set a bad example to the young girls who frequented the club. That her effrontery offended most of the women and many of the men.

The governors could not ignore the indictment nor evade appropriate action. The ten lady signatures carried tremendous weight. Likewise the parliamentary tone of the complaint. Moreover, this was one of the oldest and most conservative country clubs in New Jersey and had a vague, self-painted halo called tradition to maintain.

So the governors wrote a new rule forbidding women to smoke within the confines of the club property and a copy, neatly framed, was hung up in the ladies' dressing-room.

Mary took the spanking with her head up. When she first spied the notice on the wall of the ladies' dressing-room Mrs. Monty de Groot happened to be present. Mrs. de Groot was rich, tight-minded, had been married for her money, and wore orthopedic golf shoes like half pies. Mary gave a good guess that Mrs. Monty de Groot was one of the letter-signers.

"Nice idea," said Mary, cocking an eye at the new rule. "Somebody might bring a couple of chorus girls here and maybe they would start smoking cigar-

ettes all over the place. We can't be too careful."

Mary could tell that she had sunk a long putt by the way Mrs. de Groot stared down at her orthopedics. Obviously Mrs. de Groot was not ignorant of the gossip about Monty and the way he entertained his customers now and then.

II

MEANWHILE Mary was taking no pains to conceal the signs that she might be falling in love with Billy Ames. Here again was more evidence that the Flapper heart was wild and that Flapper brains were away off on what is conventionally known as judgment.

Mary liked to play golf with men because it improved her game. She particularly liked to play with Billy Ames because—as matters turned out—it improved her feelings about life in general, with golf thrown in.

Billy Ames was a pixie-minded young man-boy—a slight, nervous figure, durable like whip-cord. Sometimes he reminded Mary of a jockey. He had a gritty, eager little face and a grin which was almost a trade-mark. He grinned best when in trouble—stymied by a tree, say, or a tough approach out of the rough over hazards to the green. Nothing stirred Mary more than to see him—his hair wind-mussed, the grin widening—as he gathered his nerve and muscle and lit into a difficult shot. In her mind she hugged him.

Or, again, when playing out of a deep sand-trap, he reminded Mary of one of those iron urchins in a fountain. Again the grin. Suddenly a spout of sand would erupt and then Billy would climb upon the green wiping the sand out of his eyes and—often enough—

finding his ball fairly close to the pin. He could be counted on most any time for 77, 78, 79. During the golf season he lived at the club and made a pal out of the pro. He could shaft a club almost as well as the pro himself. In the Winter, Billy Ames lived at a modest hotel in New York.

Billy's drawback in well-moneyed Pemberly Hills was that he was not so well-moneyed as many other young eligibles. True, Billy's grandfather had been among the first crop of millionaires in Indiana, but that didn't count because the grand-

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Who's Your Ideal Rotarian?

Are there identification marks to distinguish him?

By Carl H. Claudy

"**H**E'S the ideal Rotarian!" exclaimed the President, after the Popular Member had finished his address.

"Now, I wonder!" The Whimsical Member sat back in his chair and addressed the four at his table. "What is an ideal Rotarian, anyhow?"

"As for me, I think 'there ain't no sich animal,' as the old lady said when she looked at the giraffe!" The Stout Member ate some more pudding.

"Oh, yes, there is! I know one, right in this club!" The Tall Rotarian sat up in his chair as he spoke. "He is . . ."

"There are two of him, then!" The Little Rotarian spoke eagerly. "I know one, at least!"

"Oh, well, if you are going to have an ideal Rotarian Contest I'll enter one, too!" The Humorous Rotarian twirled his thumbs. "Maybe I'll enter myself!"

"Well, what's your idea of an ideal Rotarian?" the Whimsical Member asked.

"He is the Rotarian who never pays a fine for a missed meeting!" the Humorous Member replied with a sigh. "That lets me out, doesn't it? The ideal Rotarian always comes to the meetings. He is never late. He has so high a regard for the club that he lends the support of his presence to its every gathering, picnic, outing, expedition, donation party, meeting. You can depend upon him to be there. As no meeting of Rotary is without its opportunity to absorb the true Rotary spirit, obviously the man who never misses a meeting has the greatest chance to absorb Rotary. Therefore, I nominate the man who is always present as the ideal Rotarian."

"Seems to me that is a rather low ideal!" The Tall Member looked contemptuously at the Humorous Member.

"How about the fellow who serves this club at a great sacrifice of his time and attention?" he continued. I think the ideal Rotarian is the man who works the hardest for the good of the organization. Most officers are good hard-working chaps but not all of them put their officership first. But there is one officer of this club who does. He

EVERY man has a different ideal—and here is a man who has written much about Rotary telling you what is his ideal Rotarian, the man who gives liberally of himself. The author mentions various types found in Rotary clubs, and whether or not you agree with his final selection you will find the discussion stimulating. It is never easy to discover the ideal Rotarian—because he would be the last to claim the title.

serves us early and late. He not only doesn't miss meetings, as Humorous, here, thinks an ideal Rotarian ought never to do, but he works, too. He is on several committees. His committees function. They produce results! He is active in promoting the advertising of Rotary in civic affairs. It is largely due to him that this club occupies the position it does in this town. I have known him to give up an important bank meeting in order to do something for Rotary. Seems to me the officer who devotes so much time and attention to the organization has a much greater claim to be considered the ideal Rotarian, than he who merely stands constantly and whose only claim to fame as an ideal Rotarian is that he never pays a fine as an absentee.

"You fellows don't grasp the true idea of the meaning of the word ideal!" objected the Little Rotarian, leaning well forward. Some one was always telling him to stand up when on his feet making a speech. "Ideal doesn't mean merely the possessor of one or two virtues, but the possession of all of them. The ideal Rotarian must be a constant attendant, and an officer; he has both to work and attend. In addition, he should be one devoted to the good work of Rotary. We have at least one such in this club. He not only doesn't miss any meetings, is an officer who works, but in addition his hand is always in his pocket whenever

there is a Rotary cause on hand. When we gave that automobile to the Visiting Nurses' society, his contribution was twice as big as the biggest. He stood his assessment, and then gave an extra check. That time we collected a fund for that fireman's widow . . . what was his name? Chap who was killed rescuing the woman, you know, . . . well, anyway, his donation to that fund went into three figures. He always gives more than anyone else. I think that makes him a better candidate for ideal Rotarian honors than any who has been mentioned so far."

"You're wrong." The Stout Member reached for his napkin, which he had dropped. "You fellows are all off! I never miss a meeting, and I don't think I'm any ideal Rotarian. I know the chap, Little, here, means and while I don't in the least decry his generosity, yet he has about four times as much money as any two of us. He can afford a lot more than we can. I can't see that giving in proportion to one's income is anything to qualify a man for an ideal Rotarian classification."

"Well, what is your idea of the ideal, then?" demanded Little, somewhat ruffled.

"**W**HY, the chap who provides us with the good times, the new idea, the stunts, the fun!" answered the Stout Member. "A club lives or dies according to the interest manifested in its meetings. A club which has always the same old thing, time after time, week after week, dies on its feet. But when a club has a new stunt all the time, a new idea, a new speaker, a new entertainment, a new way of holding a smoker or a ladies' night or an election or an outing, it lives and thrives and grows. Men want to belong to an organization like that. It means something. The ideal Rotarian, then, is the man who adds most to the attractiveness of the club. He is the one who really does the most for Rotary. It's the ring master, the first-class chairman of the entertainment committee, that we are most indebted to for our prominence in all affairs in this city, and also for all our good times. I don't think your constant attendant, or your

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Random Impressions

The International Council and Headquarters Offices

By Stanley Leverton

FOR the first time in my life I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean and I am asked by the editor of THE ROTARIAN to let him have my first impressions. I have been in America now ten days, and I am still so full of wonderment, things around me are so fascinating, so interesting, that it is difficult to say what really impresses me most. My welcome to America's shores was a real Rotarian welcome inasmuch as I was met at the boat by Rotarians Gardner Jones and Charles C. Dasey of the Boston Rotary Club, and everything that was humanly possible in the way of help was undertaken by those two splendid fellows. Gardner Jones gave up a whole day in entertaining my friends and myself, and thus my very first impression was one of great friendliness. Early on the morrow, Rotarian Charlie Hamilton of the Malden Rotary Club came in with his motor-car and enabled me to gratify one of my life's ambitions, namely, to visit the haunts and home of America's great poet—and my own particular favorite—Henry W. Longfellow.

Leaving the delightful hospitality of New England, I proceeded on to Chicago—metropolis of the great Middle West. Here for the first time I had the opportunity of visiting Rotary headquarters, of sitting in at some of the sessions of the Board of Rotary International, with the General Council, and of making the acquaintance of the great organization staff at the Chicago offices that helps to guide Rotary's movement all over the world. And what a staff!—35 men—all splendid fellows from the frail and fragile Paul Rankin down to the jolly little boy who brought in ice water to cool us during the deliberations. But the 50 girls! What a delightful crowd! It would be difficult to conceive of a happier group of people who,

individually and collectively, seem to me to be as imbued with the spirit of Rotary as the keenest of Rotarians that I have ever met. I shall always remember them as a great happy family, controlled by a man who, to my mind, has certainly a touch of genius. In England I had learned to respect and admire Ches Perry; in Chicago, my admiration was multiplied many, many times. I wish it were possible that every Rotarian, wherever he may be, might have the opportunity of paying a visit to our Headquarters offices.

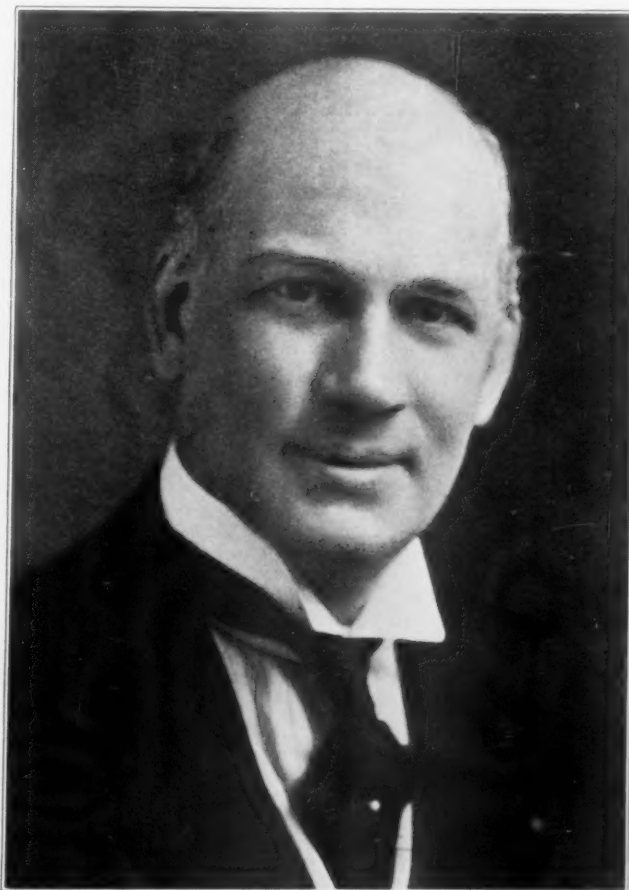
It was interesting—more than that, it was fascinating—to listen in at the deliberations of the Board, handled with quiet dignity and yet with restrained forcefulness by President Arthur Sapp. Until one has had this

experience, it is difficult for one to visualize the intricacies and the many, many phases of work that have to be controlled by Rotary's international Board. My own particular job is that of extension and if there is one outstanding phase of interest, I believe it is that of extension work. Tom Sutton, genial and resourceful chairman of the Extension Committee, has slipped into the saddle of his predecessor, Jack Orr, with remarkable alacrity, and I count myself fortunate in having had the privilege, for two successive years, of working with such splendid and capable fellows in this interesting task.

After four days' deliberations, the Board adjourned and met the following day with the General Council which constitutes the Board of Directors of Rotary International, the district governors of North and South America and Canada and committee chairmen. Men came from the East, men came from the West, from the North, too, and the South, but at heart they were the same men and I honestly believe that it would be the finest thing that could happen for Rotary, in spite of the money that it would cost, if all governors of all districts all over the world were allowed to get together at least once every year. I believe that nothing could further help the promotion of the Sixth Object than such a meeting. These governors and committeemen give up three or four weeks of their time, in some cases the whole of their summer vacation, to attend to those duties, and it is service given gladly.

In the Council, as in the Board, every phase of Rotary activity is analyzed and far-reaching conclusions reached. One cannot help but feel that Rotary is indeed fortunate in the high calibre of men that she has drawn to the

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Stanley Leverton of London, England, now serving his second year as a member of the extension committee of Rotary International. He is a member of the Rotary Club of London and has held responsible posts in the British Association. He is the author of a popular Rotary song, "Hark to the Tramp," and while in Chicago recently dedicated another song to the Headquarters staff of Rotary International.

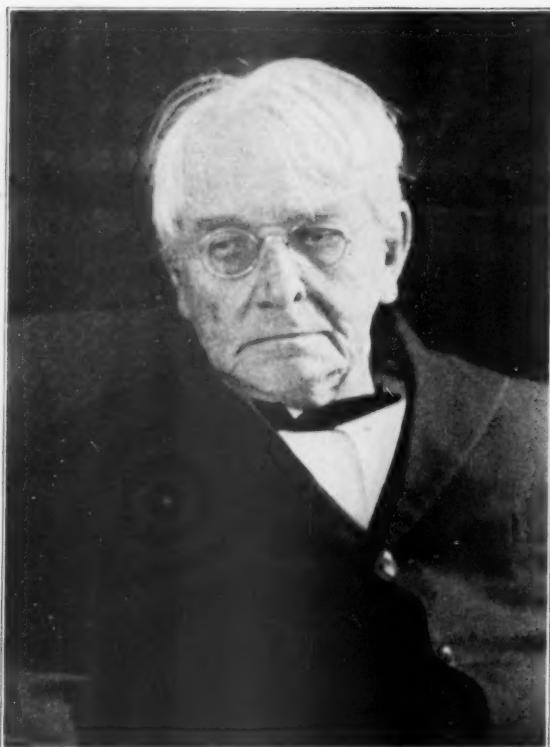
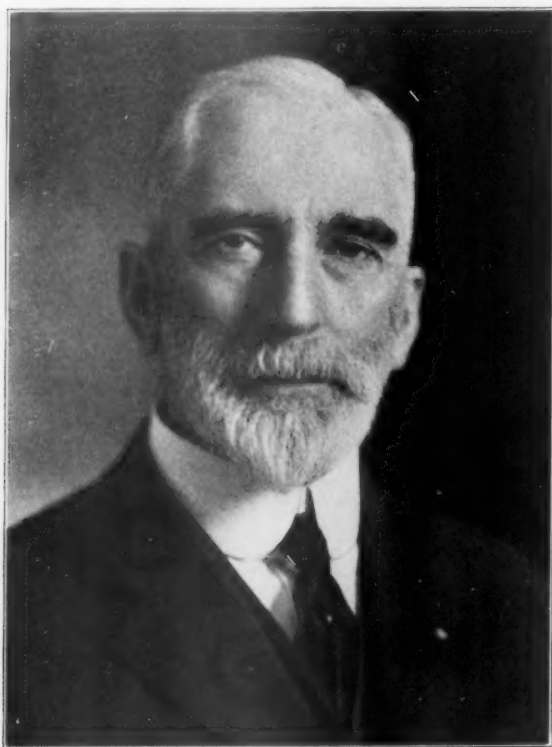


Photo: Wide World.

DR. FRANCIS L. PATTON, Hamilton, Bermuda



LAWTON B. EVANS, Augusta, Ga.



HON. BRYANT B. BROOKS, Casper, Wyo.



CHARLES M. MEREDITH, Sr., Quakertown, Pa.

ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton has been invited to be the special guest of honor at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1928. A former president of Princeton University, he is the oldest ex-moderator of the Assembly, a founder of the Alliance of Reformed Churches. Now in his 85th year he lives at Hamilton, Bermuda, and is an honorary member of the Rotary club there.

Lawton B. Evans, as official representative of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace,

heads a party of twenty-five American newspaper editors on a three-month's tour of Europe, sponsored by the endowment. The party is visiting the principal capitals, attending sessions of the World Court and the League of Nations. The endowment representative is well-known in educational circles, and is a past president of the Rotary Club of Augusta, Georgia.

Bryant B. Brooks, now director of the American Petroleum Institute; president, Wyoming National Bank; president, Consolidated Royalty

Oil Company; has twice been Governor of Wyoming. He was born in Massachusetts but has lived in the West since 1882. He is a past president of the Casper, Wyoming, Rotary Club.

Charles M. Meredith, Sr., of the Quakertown, Pennsylvania, *Free Press*, was elected president of the National Editorial Association at Omaha, Nebraska, in June. He is a member of the Quakertown Rotary club and is widely known in U. S. newspaper circles.

Americana

American life—from two viewpoints

FOR some time readers of the *American Mercury* have grinned over such items as these:

Aesthetic note in the 100% American "Herald-Tribune":

Art is art, be it only that of three humble seals artistically and with perfect rhythm tossing a rubber ball from one nose to another. The writer, for instance, is a motion-picture cameraman. On more than one occasion, timed by a split-second watch, he has revolved a camera crank at speeds of twelve, fourteen and sixteen pictures per second without a single false beat in five minutes of consecutive turning. Yet my highbrow friends tell me there is no art in photography!

Deliberations of the City Council of Chicago, as broadcasted to the nation over the wires of the Associated Press:

After an amendment had been offered to compel cats and dogs to wear tail lights at night, the City Council voted down a resolution that would have required horses to be equipped with red tail lights at night. "This is a serious matter," Alderman Donald McKinley, author of the resolution, declared heatedly.

The progress of Service in Mt. Clemens, as reported by the eminent "Leader":

William Witt was in charge of the Rotary meeting held Thursday noon at the Colonial Hotel. He devised novel stunts in which seven of the members were compelled to ride toy horses, and the rest of the members bid on the winner. For every dollar bid the member received a ticket for the Boy Scout Benefit to be held soon.

Contribution to history by the Rev. Mr. McNeil of Red Wing, as reported by the "Daily Republican" of that pious burg:

Had there been a Kiwanis Club in the Civil War days that great conflict would have been averted.

Victims of the gentle art of stabbing with an isolated quotation, squirmed every time the "Americana page" appeared. Neatly arranged by geographic origin some of these exhibits were gaudy soap bubbles from the pipes of publicity hunters, some were well-meaning efforts in good causes but liable to misinterpretation. All in all the collections revealed that the United States has its share of things that might often be tragic if the implications were wholly true—but even a quotation may be misleading without the context.

Recently another "Americana page" appeared—this time in the "Saturday Evening Post," favorite weekly of the American masses. Those accustomed to the deftly barbed arrows of the "American Mercury" spied the familiar title, read expectantly, and found such items as these:

How to get a high school when ordinary political methods fail, as described in a dispatch from Perkasio, Pennsylvania:

Four times the Rotarians of Perkasio met with the Kiwanians of Sellersville, and each time came nearer the objective—a consolidated high school. At the last meeting of the two

ONE reason for international misunderstanding is the flood of misinformation in print. The hastily gathered impressions of tourists, and the prejudiced ideas of some natives concerning their own land are equally misleading. People who fling either gilding or mud should be equally suspect—but with the unthinking majorities the comment of such witnesses is often taken at face value. This article concerns two kinds of journalistic enterprise.

clubs the proposal was unanimously approved and a campaign launched to increase the assessed valuation of Perkasio borough in order to increase its capacity to finance the school. Later the Perkasio Rotarians met with the local Chamber of Commerce and each Rotarian took out a membership in the Chamber. The Perkasio Rotary club is only two years old.

Relation between fame and philanthropy revealed by THE ROTARIAN in a note from its correspondent at Jackson, Michigan:

Individuals in this community have been waking up to find themselves famous. It is all because of an award the local club established in 1924 of a medal for the resident of Jackson County who had done the greatest service to others out of line of his active duty and exclusive of bravery or monetary philanthropy. Miss Cora Allen, many years principal of Central High School of the city, received the award the first year for her work among the children in the poorer districts in establishing clothing and milk funds. The next year it went to a Rotarian, George Luther, for his work with rehabilitated soldiers. This year it was awarded to Burton R. Laraway—also a Rotarian—for his work among crippled children.

More evidence of the abyss between commerce and art, as noted by the Associated Press in a dispatch from Chicago:

The mystery of a striking landscape canvas called "And Then It Rained" has been solved by the Chicago Art Institute. Karl Ruble, the records show, painted "And Then It Rained." He submitted the canvas to the jury selecting subjects for the annual exhibition of Chicago artists. It was among the favored 269 canvases chosen from the 400 offered. A woman's club bought "And Then It Rained" for \$400. But Karl Ruble could not be found. The address he had given was fictitious, so the Art Institute was left with a check and a mystery. Edward B. Butler of Chicago, a trustee of the Institute, came to see the paintings. "I believe you had a canvas here called 'And Then It Rained,'" said he to the custodian. "Yes," replied the attendant excitedly. "We are looking for Mr. Ruble. We have \$400 for him." "I am Karl Ruble," said Mr. Butler. He explained he had wanted to do something on his own. Mr. Butler has followed painting as an avocation for years. He presented to the Art Institute the George Inness collection of 22 paintings, said to be the finest collection in America of the works of the great landscape artist.

Another slant on what the public wants as quoted by the "Editor and Publisher" from an address by Edward Price Bell before the Academy of Political Science:

I give it you as my conviction that many editorial chairs creak under their load of misunderstanding of the public. Occupants of these chairs think the public is shallow. It is deep. They think the public wants trash. It wants the best that is known and thought in the world. Movies are all right in their way. Jazz is all right in its way. Comic strips are all right in their way. In moments of exceptional penetration, even I can see the fun in them. But I say to you that we cannot build up a great and safe democracy on movies and jazz and comic strips. Give us these by all means—for we do not want to draw faces over-long—but give us also, more of the sentiment and the philosophy and the facts that are pregnant with the fate of human society.

THE ROTARIAN illustrates how the simple-minded American idea of beginning at the beginning is being applied to international affairs:

Kansas City, Mo.—Members of this club are corresponding with overseas Rotarians holding their own classifications, on topics pertaining to world business which affect the amity and good will existing between countries. In order that the success of the plan may be assured President Wittig has appointed a committee to supervise the scheme.

Tribute in the "Nation's Business" to a congressman who did not spend the public's money:

In January, 1926, "Nation's Business" published an article by Congressman Homer Hoch, of Kansas, suggesting that the Post Office Department might save a lot of money in operating expenses of the rural-free-delivery system without impairment of service by the consolidation and lengthening of free delivering routes. . . . On his own initiative and without fanfare of trumpets, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Billany set about a bit of consolidation along the lines of the Hoch suggestion. Up to date 457 of these consolidations have been made at a saving of some \$590,000. . . . At the current rate of congressional pay, here's one member who has saved the Government the amount of his salary for the next half century.

COMMENTING on these deadly parallels "Time," weekly news magazine says:

"Editor Mencken's most famed, ludicrous, and cruel sideshow had been completely copied in title, in temper by Editor George Horace Lorimer's enormous 'Saturday Evening Post.'"

"Editor Lorimer did not say where he got the idea of copying Editor Mencken, and laying before three million U. S. readers the retort courteous to the hilarious cynicism with which Mr. Mencken's monthly impregnates his readers, who number only 75,000 but are said to be 'the intelligentsia.'"

"But whether Editor Lorimer had been inspired by a bright young subordinate or conceived the imitation himself, his editorial compliment to Editor Mencken remained the same. Not more than one Lorimer reader in three would recognize that the Post's new department was an answer to Menckanism. Therefore the 'Americana' formula must have been judged on its own merit as a method by which Mr. Lorimer could 'sell' the U. S. to its citizens."

"Whether or not the 'American Mercury' would, or could, cry 'Piracy' and go to court, remained to be seen. If it should, the resultant publicity would be well worth the cost of an unsuccessful suit. From Mr. Lorimer's standpoint, no damages that the 'American Mercury' might ask and win could greatly upset the 'Post's' finances. If the 'Post' had to pay for its new feature, Mr. Lorimer was doubtless cheer-

(Continued on page 33)

WITH THE POETS

"Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe."—DRYDEN.

Flanders Fields

By J. R. Perkins

*N*OW Flanders fields are sweet with summer rain,
For June comes round with roses once again,
And the wheat awaits the sickle, not the stain
Of soldiers' blood;
Old ruts of war and all its greed
Have given place to furrows filled with seed
That lift to life to meet the Belgian need,
And universal good.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Written at Ypres, June 12, 1927, and reprinted
from the Chicago Tribune.

Lilacs

By Stephen Wright

*L*ILACS have the strangest way
As memorials to stay
Near some caved-in cellar place
Time is trying to erase,
Prying out the loosened stones
To hide bleached out dwelling bones.

They remember the wild night
When the old house in its fright
Weeping rain-drops of despair
From its window ledges bare
Called to them a last farewell
Just before to death it fell.

Watching patiently they wait
By the wall where stood the gate
And they never seek to learn
That their friends will not return,
Yet to their memory they sing
Every year in blossoming.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Tell Me Something Foolish

By Maud Luise Gardiner

*W*HY be so sadly serious—Life has been dearly
bought
So why not make each year, day, hour
One long expectant thought?

Why not walk on tiptoe, instead of shuffling round,
Old age, it is a canny thing, with eyes upon the
ground;
Perhaps our work is hard to do, and irksome to the
end
But there is wrapped a thrill for you in every laugh
you lend.

Life, it is a joyous thing—It is an open book
We cannot turn the page ahead to take a single look,
But we can read every chapter with interest glad
and gay—
Yes! tell me something foolish at the end of every
day.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Younger Generation

By Arthur L. Lippmann

*I*N prehistoric ages when the pterodactyl fluttered—
In the stirring days of good King Arthur's reign—
The Older Generation shook their hoary heads and
muttered,
"Oh, the Younger Folks are flippant and profane."

Ever since the world began
When the elders of the clan
Sought for subjects that would sponsor conversa-
tion,
Oh, the theme they liked the best
Was a sermon when addressed
To the then-existing Younger Generation.

When General Julius Caesar on the Roman Hills was
tenting—
When Diogenes set forth in search of Truth—
The patriarchs bewhiskered spent a heap of time
lamenting:
"Oh, the flippancy of sacreligious Youth!"

Flaming Youth's cosmetic urge
Ever will evoke a dirge
From maturity in pious indignation.
For, alas, 'twas ever thus:
When there's nothing else to cuss,
Start a fuss about the Younger Generation.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Piano Tuner

By Arthur L. Lippmann

A HESITANT man with a small satchel that
Held tools that are tuners' essentials
One morning appeared at the door of our flat
And showed us the proper credentials.
His fingers danced over the ivory keys
In tempo now slower, now faster,
And wove stirring chords with a consummate ease,
Revealing the touch of a master.

Bong! He created a crashing crescendo.
Bong! And a wistfulness stole o'er his face;
Bong! Now staccato,
Now softer, legato—
Then Bong! in the treble; and Bong! in the bass.

And out of the chords there amazingly grew
The theme of a great composition,
An anthem of dreams that had never come true,
An opus of thwarted ambition,
A paean of the faith in the heart of a lad
Ere roseate hopes had diminished—
The eyes of the grave little tuner grew sad,
His daily recital was finished.

Bong! He collected his tools and his satchel.
Bong! And he bade us a pleasant good day;
Bong! For the last time
His chords raced in fast time—
Bong! Bong! and our soloist hastened away.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

Salvador Echeandia Gal— A true friend to his employees

By Juan Meana

"I HAVE never done anything but work." Those few words picture rather clearly the man who uttered them. He is totally lost without his work—he loves it, he lives for it, every waking moment is filled with it. He has practically raised a lasting monument to the word Work by his devotion to it and his accomplishments through it.

The personality of this big little man is most pleasant and attractive. Nobody can imagine the energy and activity that he radiates. He always smiles. A fine spirit of kindness and tolerance is immediately felt when talking to him. He is very much reserved. He shrinks from the spotlight of public notice and no amount of persuading will draw him into its glare. These are qualities of the Basque people that centuries of self-restraint have deeply engraved into their natures. They believe that man can be known best through his actions rather than by his words. How many times have I seen his friends planning testimonials of admiration in acknowledgment of his services. But Echeandia always found a way of avoiding such demonstrations without making anybody feel slighted.

Salvador Echeandia Gal was born in the pretty and picturesque town of Irun on the border of Spain and France, on the Bay of Biscay. When eighteen he obtained the degrees of Master in Commerce and Mercantile Expert, later going to Switzerland, Germany, and other European countries where he continued his studies while working and earning a livelihood. He returned to Spain where he opened a very modest store for the sale of perfumes. He took such a deep and abiding interest in the selling and making of perfumes that the little enterprise of years ago has grown until it is today the largest perfume factory in Spain and one of the most important in Europe.

An amusing incident illustrates his character. One day a lady entered his small store. She asked for a certain brand of soap. When the small bar was shown to her she naturally held it to her nose. Then she mentioned to Echeandia Gal that it smelled like tobacco. During the conversation he had been smoking a cigar. Echeandia made

a solemn vow. Since that day he does not smoke.

Through his will-power, constancy, and devotion, Echeandia Gal has accomplished one great achievement. He has created an industry in the heart of his country, far away from all sources from where he gets the necessary material for the production of his goods. Here he has built a beautiful factory which in every respect can qualify as a model of its kind. In addition, through the modern publicity and advertising department of his company he has widely advertised the trade of his country—what it means to present-day business when well and conscientiously presented. He believes in advertising and understands how to present his products to the public. In this respect he has attracted the attention of all Spain. His advertising is unique and has made the name Gal known not only all over Spain but in many other countries. Echeandia Gal is what is popularly termed "a Modern Captain of Spanish Industry." He leads an army of nearly one thousand workers, who love him and who under his leadership are attaining the greatest victory for any army—the victory of work.

Working conditions in his factory are of the best to be seen anywhere. Among numerous interesting features he has a well-appointed section in one of the buildings with showers and baths for those employees who may not have such conveniences at home. In case of sickness where the employee has been working at the factory for six months, or more, he or she receives full pay during such illness for a period of at least three months. Such employees also receive free medical assistance, in-



Don Salvador Echeandia Gal is a Spanish captain of industry—with the "industry" part predominating. Forty years of steady endeavor have given him a model perfume business which employs nearly 1,000 workers; and more important to him, the affection of his employees. Recently the Spanish Government awarded him the Gold Medal for business and commercial achievement. He is a former president of the Rotary Club of Madrid.

cluding the cost of medicine. He goes even further. Medical assistance is provided, without charge, to the families of employees. When employees reach the age of sixty, after at least twenty years of service to the company, they are retired with half pay for the remainder of their lives.

To appreciate how much his co-workers, as he regards them, love and respect him, you should hear them say "Don Salvador" as they address him. The inflection in their voices indicates that here is a man in whom they believe—a friend, a father, a man who trusts and loves them.

OUTSIDE the circle of his business he has many interests. His attitude toward public questions is that of the modern. He loves his country and his people. He is a zealous worker for the further development of his country and the same is true of his own community. In his native town of Irun, there was a large bull-fight arena for performances that, while brave and full of thrills,

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The International Council

WHILE this is being written more than fifty men are learning what Rotary expects of its district governors. During the week spent in these deliberations they draw nothing but necessary expenses from the Rotary treasury. During their year of office they will be no better off, financially speaking. It is even possible that their private business may suffer while they look after Rotary affairs in their respective districts.

Many organizations have benefited by sacrifices as great—or greater. All down the centuries there have been men who cared enough for an ideal to devote their lives to it. When such devotion ceases then human life itself will cease.

Men show their fervor in many different causes, some more popular than others. The cause of service to humanity, in one form or another, has been one of the most popular. That it is no modern invention is readily proven when primitive conditions are resumed overnight because of some sudden injury to the fragile structure of civilization.

Service tends to bring out the fundamental qualities of men. It tends to plant its ideals on foundations of bed-rock. Giving intelligent service still remains a greater thing than giving money. That is why Rotary holds international councils—and all the other administrative meetings of the year.

What Is Success?

THE death of Judge Elbert H. Gary ends a career which long furnished texts for the inspirational literature of commercial schools. This man who went from an Illinois farm to teach school at fifteen; who studied law and gradually rose to be head of the first billion-dollar combine in the United States, had long been used as an object lesson for aspiring youth. What did he think of his own achievement?

Reports of a recent interview by B. C. Forbes would indicate that Judge Gary considered his greatest work to have been simply the securing of the confidence of the thousands of employees of United States Steel; and his next best effort the establishment of co-operation among the various companies connected with that combine.

The obvious lesson is that this dean of American business men found most satisfaction in doing what every business or professional man, every employee, can do to greater or less degree. Head of a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar corporation, possessed of a personal fortune of around \$10,000,000, able and willing to do much for public causes, his public utterances seldom referred to the far-reaching operations in which he engaged. Instead he talked of homely virtues, and for

young men he gave out a decalogue which may be summarized in this style:

1. Every young man should be thoroughly honest.
2. He must be considerate of others.
3. He should guard both physical and moral strength.
4. He must strive to secure a good education.
5. Natural ability must be supplemented by consistent efforts to improve the mind.
6. Habits must be clean and companions should be chosen for their character.
7. He should be ambitious to succeed honorably.
8. He must be loyal.
9. He should cultivate stability.
10. Most important of all, the young man should scrupulously observe the Golden Rule, whatever his profession, vocation, or station.

Judge Gary apparently believed that if the standards were right, success would follow—that wealth or power was not the whole of success. Colonel Lindbergh showed that the theory still works for this generation. Youth must choose its standards wisely—then live up to them. The applause and the glory is always there—if Youth can earn it.

Across the World

SOME little time ago there was an earthquake in Japan—an earthquake which suddenly ended thousands of lives. Yet many of the world's newspapers—usually so alert to chronicle the joys and griefs of the nations—did not mention this catastrophe for days. Why? Not because the chroniclers were less ready to convey the tidings but because this earthquake affected a province, isolated from the rest of the world.

So the general public was uninformed. Yet while buildings were still falling it was known in far-off countries that there had been an earthquake, and even the approximate scene of this upheaval was roughly known. A few scientists watching their delicate seismographs knew that, thousands of miles away, some part of the earth's crust was quivering violently.

It is only when our perceptions are developed to the utmost that we really understand what affects the lives of our fellows—that we can know their happiness or their sorrow. The field of human relationships is subject to much shock and strain. Some of this wrenching is inevitable—but there is more that results from sheer thoughtlessness. Finely attuned spirits will be sensitive to these unintentional slights—will not only seek to rectify the damage done, but still better, will give warnings that may avert damage.

Such keen perception is not ready made. It is manufactured only from materials long welded in the fires of emotion, long moulded on the forge of deliberation. Yet to such instruments we must look—if we would truly know what goes on across the world, if we would make a better world.



Riding on the Band Wagon

ROTARY grew out of a common need, it developed from within, and grew with the years on the basis of an energized center of fellowship radiating out into the activities which its membership was already identified with. But, as is true with every noble effort, it has in some cases fallen into the hands of men with other ideas and today in some places it is an open question as to just how long it can continue to act as a wet nurse and a public man of all work. A whole host of movements designed to solve all the ills of mankind are fastening themselves on the nation and through nationally organized boards are laying their burdens on the shoulders of business men fortunate enough to salvage a few dollars out of the red. Rotarians look like the proverbial fat boy, happy looking, well-groomed and prosperous, so every conceivable pressure is being brought to bear to unload on them the financing of every enterprise not able to stand on its own legs. Now this may be all well and good for some Rotarians for it is a very common law that growth comes through doing things and there are Rotarians not overburdened with doing community stunts. But the average man, of the calibre originally determined for Rotarians, has, for these many years, been carrying his full share of community responsibility and wants to find in his Rotary club not another stunt to perform in the community but a place where, in fellowship with his fellows he can warm his heart around the glowing embers of friendship and surcharge his spirit with the dynamics of those unseen forces which always radiate when men get together in an unselfish group. He is just a bit tired of the "For God's Sakers," those lacrimonious individuals who, after every sob story they hear, belabour the club with their everlasting, "For God's Sake, why don't we do something." It would be a lasting blessing to Rotary if, for at least a year, a moratorium on promotive efforts for this and that thing, could be declared. Not that Rotary should not know of all human needs and be inspired by human accomplishments, certainly causes should be ably presented before Rotary, and if Rotarians are worth their salt these

"TALKING it over" across the conference table has solved many individual and group problems, corrected many thoughtless practices. This department of your magazine is intended to do the same things. It will succeed to the extent that both club officials and individual members enter into frank discussion. Contributions to these columns will be welcomed.—The Editors.

good causes will all feel the reflex of the true Spirit of Rotary in action.

A lot of cheap talk is going the rounds about Rotary being dead unless there is a blare of trumpets and a rattle of drums. Only the cheap and tawdry need to be promoted by such means. Better a Rotary club of fifty members, dynamic and genuine, than a thousand superficial and jarring loud-mouthed enthusiasts. Here is just what is apt to happen when the Band Wagon procedure is followed. One club fosters a movement, the press give it acclaim, its members get chesty and brag. Another civic club, less able perhaps, seeing what has been done adopts a cause of its own and goes before the community to put it over. It may be a movement entirely without justification, responding to no real civic need and yet it goes over and the community is bled and every legitimate enterprise suffers in proportion. It is easily possible to stretch the promotive load in a community to the breaking point and there is evidence that such a day is not far distant. But who ever heard of danger from overloading of those values which come through the interplay of friendship, of the spirit of service growing from within and finding expression in a man's home, his business, his Church and those other fundamental and long-organized agencies. In one club recently the premise was laid down that an energized club working through the community by means of the duly organized agencies was a dead club and that to be truly alive the club must adopt some activity which would bring the club

before the community. On this premise the year's work was laid out and much activity resulted but the year's activity was not necessarily growth and a good many members who are men of influence in the community have felt that such a program continued must mean their elimination from the club. In other words if Rotary is to be a "Carry All," it won't challenge big men, who know that progress, to be lasting, must be a growth from within, a quiet, permeating, unseen force.

When the day of the full Renaissance of Business has come we will see that, to make money, to build great enterprises, to manufacture meritorious goods, to do a full day's work at a man's-sized job, is as worthy a crown as the so-called sacrificial callings, providing always that a man stands in the community as "One who Serves."

Every man can't do boys work, every man can't preside at great functions, but every man can be his own best self, and sharing that best self with all the other kindred spirits around the tables of Rotary, can then go out and make his business better, make more money to foster the best in the community, to send his dependable merchandise or the skill of his hand into the marts of the world's need, there to minister to mankind, and when Rotary catches the full tide of such an emprise, its lifting power will be mighty and its future unassailable. C. F. NEVIUS.

Everett, Washington.

Should the Date Be Changed

BEFORE Boys' Week becomes too much a springtime fixture it might be profitable in the interest of the greatest good to the largest number of boys to open for discussion the appropriateness of dates.

If memory serves me right, the original intention of those who set the dates was to choose a time, when a show of strength of American youth in a most patriotic manner, would have a direct influence upon those sponsoring the customary May day demonstrations of another character. Whether or not this was a proper way to meet such an issue was questioned at that time and is still debatable. However, be that as it may, there are certain elements which should be considered

which have an important bearing on the case.

Boys' Week as now conducted in many communities is an expensive affair, and it might well be considered an extravagant affair, if the returns should not justify the expense of time and energy.

Conducted as it is, in the springtime, when golf, baseball, vacation and so many other pastimes are challenging the attention of those who participate in Boys' Week, it would seem as though the emotions aroused and the inspirations developed subside rather than become crystalized into action, which action exerts itself in the interest of boyhood. Aside from camping there is no large organization activity carried on at this time of the year.

Boys Work organization is largely a matter of the Fall of the year and if properly done will carry over through the next Summer. Boys Work agencies do much of their intensive organization work in the Fall and Winter and since after all, it is through the contacts which these agencies make with boys that the greatest value will accrue, the matter should be considered from this standpoint.

Should Boys' Week come in the Fall when boys are nicely settled in the routine of school work; when church, Sabbath school work and young people's work begins to stir, when the home organizes itself for the Winter campaign, and when boys' clubs, Scout Troops and boys' work in general is on the move? Coming at that time, what a real impetus would be provided! The enthusiasm could be capitalized by tying men up to boys work for the Winter, and by tying up more boys to such work.

Some communities have thought through on this matter and are conducting Boys' Week in the Fall with the happy results referred to above. However, when the nation as a whole concentrates on a week in Spring, this makes the individual city seem out of step. In a way it is, not in its interests in boyhood, however, but in its desire to make dollars and man power, exerted in the week for boys, count for the greatest good.

The matter of date was rather arbitrarily set by the original group, the matter was never fairly discussed by the large group directly concerned, and sentiment exhibited at the breakfast held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel during the last conference, would indicate that the matter should be given more consideration than has been accorded heretofore. What is your opinion?

A. E. ROBERTS,

Chairman, Boys Work Committee, the Rotary Club of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Rotary Motto

LET us examine whether it is so very complicated to put into practice the motto of "Service before Self," as it would seem to many of us. Does this seeming complication not simply reside in our own thought? That a motto, which expresses our ideal, is not palpable, tangible to our senses, but something which seems afar off, beyond our reach. Is a motto or an ideal not in reality very much like a positive rule of mathematics, the inherent force or correctness of which can only be manifested and proved, when we actually practice and apply it? We do know that two and two are four, but this verity is inactive, as long as we do not actually use it and then only can we prove its correctness.

So also is it with "Service"; we have to begin by actually serving in order to achieve something; we must begin to sow before we can expect to reap.

Rotary tells us that this service is not to be rendered with the underlying thought of self, our own egotistical ends, but with the thought of what good our service can bring to others, our fellowmen. It is the practical application of the Golden Rule demonstrated by Jesus, more fully than by any other man. His mission on earth was one of service, to show all mankind the way. By what was He in-

spired, but by the earnest, sincere desire to do good.

So we as members of the Rotary family have also made this our line of thought and action and as our guidepost, have taken the motto "Service before Self."

What we need first of all, is to know and understand that "Service" is an ideal which contains in and through itself a power for good. We must have faith in our motto, know that if service were the aim of all mankind, this world socially, commercially, nationally and internationally would be transformed. It may seem that oftentimes "Service" is not appreciated, and that he who serves is in the end the loser; but on the other hand we cannot judge what benefits have accrued to others by the service rendered by one of our fellowmen, then also does he who really render service not blow his horn about it.

How can we as business or professional men, as active Rotarians, practically apply "Service"?

This process or work must be started in our home club, where we have the opportunity to participate in the activities of our general committee and our subcommittees; where we are called upon to tell our fellow-Rotarians many things of interest about the business falling under the classification we have in the club; where the opportunity is also given us as delegates to serve our own clubs by linking them more closely together in Rotary International. Then again can we serve our club by communicating to our fellow-Rotarians our personal impressions gathered in the course of our meetings with other Rotarians; by contributing to the literature of the national Rotary bulletin, or THE ROTARIAN, or our own club publications. Only too often will our own other occupations or social obligations hold us off from rendering such service, when the call does come.

The regular attendance at weekly meetings is also a tangible proof of our desire to "serve," for we are a link between our own classification and the others represented in our club.

In our club activities we can best serve if we study all questions purely from the basis of and through "Service," not unnecessarily complicating the problem and limiting ourselves by traditions, prejudices, doubt, fear. It is the ideal rightly applied which will give us the strength and freedom to do the work.

Service can be manifested in our general committees by each of us doing the part devolving upon him in the function he occupies. The duties of each committee member from president to sergeant-at-arms, are clearly outlined in the literature we receive from Rotary

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EDGAR R. WINGARD

Governor 51st District Rotary International

DIED JULY 31st, 1927

"TIS the human touch in this world that counts,

The touch of your hand and mine
Which means far more to the fainting heart

Than shelter, or bread, or wine.

For shelter is gone when the night is o'er

And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand, and the sound of the voice

Sing on in the soul alway.

The Board of Directors of Rotary International sends affectionate greetings to the widow and family of the late

EDGAR R. WINGARD

Diligent in business, kindly and genial in disposition, self-reliant and commanding confidence in all responsibilities undertaken, and held in such regard as to be elected unopposed to the governorship of his large district in Rotary, he will continue to be held in remembrance by the wide circle of his Rotary friends.

On behalf of the Board,

ARTHUR H. SAPP,
PRESIDENT.
CHESLEY R. PERRY,
SECRETARY.

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—Midsummer Night's Dream.



At the invitation of Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, representative of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C., Rotarians of Merida, Mexico, boarded a special train and visited the famous ruins of Chichen-Itza in Yucatan. This picture shows the host (fourth from left, in the row of eleven men, standing) with the club president, Leopoldo Riestra, the secretary, Ricardo A. Gutierrez (seated, in center) and other Rotarians. Dr. Morley is an honorary member of the club. In the background is a portion of the Temple of the Warriors which Institute workers discovered and restored.

Win Coveted Belasco Cup

WELWYN GARDEN CITY, ENGLAND.—To this small town goes credit for the best Little Theatre company in Britain or the United States, in testimony whereof the local amateurs were awarded the Belasco cup after the cast of "Mr. Sampson" had won first county, then national, then international recognition. Local Rotarians nodded approval, recalled that C. B. Purdom is also president of their club, informed interested Rotary Anns that the Bristol club also supports a repertoire theatre where more than 1,000 performances had been given.

Information on Penal Conditions

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.—Sensing a need for expert investigation of penal conditions, and finding public officials loathe to spend money for this purpose,

Knoxville Rotarians in cooperation with church women, brought to their city Oliver Hoyem, representative of the National Committee of Prisons and Prison Labor.

His report called attention to the antiquated city and county jails that were nothing better than "hell holes"; and there was urgent need for the construction of a woman's reformatory. The report was released to the public in his speech before the Rotarians. It is thought that the authorities will carry out his recommendations.

Rent Swimming Pool For Mexican Workers

DEMING, NEW MEXICO.—The local Rotary club appointed a committee to find out if a swimming pool could not be secured for the use of Deming's Mexican workers during the summer months. The committee found that a private pool could be leased for the summer, and an attendant furnished,

at a total cost of \$400. This amount was secured in the following manner: the County Commissioners and the City Council each furnished \$150 and the balance, \$100, was supplied by the Chamber of Commerce.

Smaller Paper Money To Save \$2,000,000

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Sufficient of the new size one-dollar notes will be printed by July 1, 1928, to replace all one-dollar bills now in circulation though the plates from which the new issues will be struck are not yet engraved, Washington Rotarians learned. This information came in the course of a speech by Alvin W. Hall, director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who explained the work of this "model industrial plant." The new bills, he said, would be two and eleven-sixteenths inches wide, and six and five-sixteenths inches long—or approximately one-



This luncheon was made memorable for Rotarians of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, by the visit of Dr. Cesar Salaya, a Rotarian of Habana, Cuba, who presented the Cuban flag to the first Rotary club of Brazil. He was also a delegate to the International Conference of Jurists held at Rio. Secretaries of the Cuban legation, and Dr. Jose Barnet y Vinageras, Cuban minister, and other guests applauded the presentation.

third smaller than those now in use. Despite the many technical difficulties involved in the changing, it is expected that the Government will save \$2,000,000 annually.

\$15,000 For Nurses' Home

WASHINGTON, IOWA.—Acting through Hugh H. McCleery, chairman of the board of trustees for the Washington County Hospital, Winfield Smouse has presented that institution with \$15,000 to apply on the erection of a new nurses' home. Both men are active in the local Rotary club, both take a particular pride in this hospital which has received considerable publicity on account of its being one of the first rural county hospitals in the world.

Business Methods Shown By Playlets

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Though Don L. Sterling is not now a Rotarian he is still much in sympathy with Rotary aims. So he heeded the request of the business methods committee of Dallas Rotary which wanted a playlet showing employer-employee relations; then one showing the relations of buyer and seller. The performances of "John Hendricks Finds Himself" and "Boomerangs" were so well received that the playlets were repeated before other clubs,

and the Dallas Rotarians have had a number of copies printed which they will furnish to clubs desiring such material. Each playlet can be presented in half an hour or so.

"Dorothy, Walk!"—And She Did.

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.—Eleven crippled children and their parents were the guests of St. Catharines Rotary Club. Dr. W. J. McDonald, who was asked to explain what the Committee on Crippled Children had been doing, began his account by the command "Dorothy, walk!" . . . and the six-year old girl who had never taken a step until recent months

walked across the hall, smiling at the applause which greeted her act. Similar results had been secured in nearly all the other cases. This club takes the attitude that any defect which seriously impairs a child's efficiency entitles that child to the consideration of the club. The club's unfailing source of revenue for this work is a combined minstrel show and dance which has been entertaining the citizens for five successive years.

Echoes Of Dance Music

VICHY, FRANCE.—In the summer of 1926 Rotarians of Vichy and their ladies arranged a charity ball. In the

summer of 1927 sixteen boys came to Vichy for free medical treatment. The boys came from such distant points as London, Brussels, Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, Marseilles, Toulouse, Angers, Nice, and Geneva. They explored the big interior gardens of the Orangerie Hotel, the Celestins park nearby. Soon after their arrival they dined with Vichy Rotarians, enjoyed a program of music, magic, etc., went to the movies, returned home with new playthings.

The boys, each of whom was accompanied by one of his parents, had been sent to Vichy by Rotarians of their six respective countries. Although most of the clubs sending boys had agreed to meet travel expenses the



Children from six countries accompanied by their elders, came to Vichy, France, where the children took free treatments at famous hydros. The visit was made at the invitation of Vichy Rotarians who had asked other Rotary clubs to send juvenile patients who might benefit by these treatments. An item describing the care of these youngsters appears elsewhere on this page.

Vichy Rotarians thoughtfully arranged for concessions from the railroads, for exemptions from the stay-tax, for transportation from the station to the hotel.

For treatment the boys were divided into two groups, one under the care of Dr. Rouzaud (a Toulouse Rotarian who practices at Vichy during the summer); the other in charge of Dr. Rosanoff (immediate past president of the Vichy Rotary club). Dr. Aimard, radiographer, and Dr. Phelip, surgeon, were ready to help but found no occasion to employ their skill.

Every boy was examined at least five times during his stay. Besides drinking the curative waters for which this city has been noted since Roman times, some of the young patients took hydrotherapeutic treatments given by the Compagnie Fermiere. Analyses and prescriptions were furnished by a Rotarian chemist and a pharmacist. When the boys left they had gained from one to three pounds weight; had more playthings, sweets.

Local Rotarians felt that their ball in 1926 had been a double success, hoped that more children could take this free treatment next summer.

American Rotary Club Observes French Anniversary

WAVERLY, N. Y.—Directing attention to the Sixth Object, Waverly Rotary observed Bastille Day, July 14, and sent greetings to every Rotary club in France. Prof. O. G. Guerlac, native of France and head of the department of romance languages at Cornell University, spoke on the origin and significance of his country's national holiday, noting particularly the points of similarity to the American Independence Day. The address served admirably to emphasize the Sixth Object. The Board of Directors authorized a letter to be sent in the name of the club to the clubs of France, giving a report of the meeting, extending fraternal greetings and expressing the pleasure that Waverly Rotarians had in learning more concerning France through this meeting. The meeting was sponsored by the club's Sixth Object committee, of which Past International Director Hart Seely is chairman.

Last Meeting of Last Man's Club

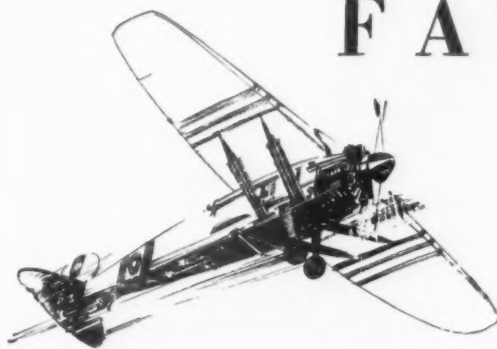
STILLWATER, MINNESOTA.—To be exact there were three last men—the survivors of the 34 who, in 1886, formed the Last Man's Club. All 34 had once stepped out with Company B, First Minnesota Regiment when its blue-clad ranks moved to Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, and other places where U. S. Civil War history was made. To-

"ACE HIGH" WITH THE YOUNGER CROWD!

ORDINARILY, this modern generation scorns precedent.

History is nevertheless repeating—in a way which we find interesting and gratifying. Something about Fatima—its greater delicacy, its more skillful blending of flavors—has made it, as in other days, an outstanding favorite with the younger set.

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QUALITY that makes friends everywhere!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

**ROTARY ATTENDANCE
CHARTS**

Show at a glance your Club's attendance for 12 months, when marked with

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Nothing better to bring out the members. Improved Attendance Charts sent to Secretaries for 25c.

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of broadcloth, poplin, madras and oxfords.
Samples on request.

Stevens Custom Shirt Company

Elmira, N. Y.
No Agents.

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If you have a Sales Problem in the Detroit district, put it up to Sales Counselor "Charlie" Crockett. He can and will help you.

166 Madison Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

day Peter Hall of Atwater, Minnesota, is 89; Charles M. Lockwood, of Chamberlain, South Dakota, is 85; and John S. Goff, of St. Paul, Minnesota, is 84. Yet these three stayed faithful to the end, attending the annual meetings on Bull Run Day (July 21st) though each reunion there were more chairs to be draped in black by the loving hands of Mrs. Samuel Bloomer, widow of the Company's colour sergeant, custodian of its battle flag. She it was who brought the famous bottle of Burgundy which has only come out of the bank vault once each year to grace the annual banquet but which was not to be opened until the last banquet at which the last survivor presided—alone.

This year the three veterans decided to hold their last reunion, for the infirmities of age made it very difficult for them to gather again. It was so ordered in the minutes, and the bottle was finally uncorked for the last Man's Toast.

The table had been carefully spread in the Community Auditorium, the 31 empty chairs were beautifully draped. Past President Madden of the local Rotary club was in charge of the ceremonies. As the curtain of the stage rose on the banquet scene, the audience sang "America" with unusual fervour.

State officials of the American Legion came to confer honorary membership of their organization on their seniors in service. After Rotarian Reub Thoreen had offered a welcome to the guests of honor, Lieut. Governor W. I. Nolan, representing the State of Minnesota, spoke of patriotism and citizenship and devotion to one's ideals.

Then amid impressive silence, save only for the click of cameras, the wine was opened, the veterans stood stiffly erect, drank to their departed comrades. "Men love their country now, but our dead comrades loved it most" said Peter Hall, the toastmaster. Then as the audience sang again the curtain descended—but the scene remains, partly in the club records which will become the property of the public library, more vividly in the memories of those present.

Not Ordered By Number

MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.—When thousands of congratulatory messages were sent to Colonel Lindbergh, some of the senders were at a loss to express their sentiments, ordered a stock message by number from the telegraph company. Here is one that was not selected in that manner:

"This message conveys to you the most sincere congratulations and heartfelt admiration of the Rotary Club of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, for your daring and valiant achievement on crossing the Atlantic in your monoplane 'The Spirit

of St. Louis' without any companion. Your task has really been full of gallantry and courage and for it you are worth indeed the greatest praise. Men of your spirit and ability are surely the characters which progress and civilization need for their advancement.

"The members of the club attending its weekly luncheon today, May 26th, 1927, stood for one minute as a demonstration of their sympathy and admiration for you.

"Let us ask Heaven that success and good fate will continue to help you in all your future enterprises."

Sincerely Yours,
JOSE SABATER, President.

Entertain 250 Disabled Ex-Service Men

FINCHLEY, ENGLAND.—During the war the blue clothes and red ties of wounded British service men were painfully familiar sights. Two hundred and fifty men who thus earned consideration were entertained on the grounds of Rotarian Vick of Finchley. A brilliant program had been arranged by him and fellow-members, his staff were eager to anticipate needs.

The Finchley Rotarians look to the future as well as to the past, are interested in town planning, securing an address by an authority on the subject.

Form Association To Control Credits

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—While the Rotary Club of Auckland is not officially connected with the National Credit Men's Association of the Dominion, it is true that Rotarians were active in organizing the Association—and that for three years the Rotary committee on Business Methods has given much study to the proper use of credit. The chief aim of this Association (which already has a branch in Wellington) is to provide means for every business man to share with others in his line the information concerning both good and bad payers. Managing Director A. M. Hutchinson (who is also secretary of the Rotary club) says: "We are determined to build up a credit register of every buyer, seller, and consumer in New Zealand. The merchant or retailer who does not handle his credit obligations will find it impossible to obtain credit. The consumer who does not pay on due day will have to pay when he gets the goods."

Road Transport Changing English Life

SALISBURY, ENGLAND.—In the course of an address on "road transportation," F. G. Britsow, general secretary of the Commercial Motor Users' Association, told Salisbury Rotarians of developments in transportation since 1769

when Cugnot designed the first practical steam-driven road vehicle. Speaking of the effects of these changes on the general public he said: "It will be generally agreed that the public, both from the individual and from the community point of view, has greatly benefited and also that the habits of the people are being gradually revolutionized. Whereas the population has tended to increase round centers where the railways have their large stations, the introduction of road transport is gradually spreading it more evenly through the country. Town workers are enabled to reside further and further from the large towns with resultant improvement in their health; shopping amenities of the towns are brought to the very doors of those who live in villages; country dwellers can secure a more congenial and higher standard of living.

Administration Building To Complete Camp

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.—Camp Marvin Hillyard, the Y. M. C. A. camp at Garrettsburg will have a complete set of buildings now. At a recent meeting Rotarians of St. Joseph voted to spend \$1,500 for the administration building to complete the camp equipment. This building will have a commissary department, a library, writing-rooms, offices, and large screened porches. The camp site was presented by the father of a boy who died overseas, was named for that boy. Another son, Robert B. Hillyard, is one of the Rotarians. This club is active in boys work, invites Junior College students to its meetings and assists school authorities in promoting attendance.

Offer "Golf Crocks Challenge Mug"

BELFAST, IRELAND.—Something unique in golfing circles was provided for the Belfast Rotary Club when James Dalzell asked his fellow-members to accept from Rotarian Gotto and himself a "golf crocks challenge mug"—a perpetual trophy to be awarded for the highest score in a selected match annually. "The winner" declared Rotarian Dalzell "as a type will fittingly represent those men who have made the British Empire fit for 'plus four' men to live in." The trophy was accepted amid laughter and applause.

Unexpected Development At Sixth Object Meeting

LANKERSHIM, CALIFORNIA.—For three months the program committee of Lankershim Rotary had tried to secure as speaker Dr. G. Bromley Oxman, pastor of the Church of All Nations and authority on international affairs. While he delivered a talk on China in which he drew a parallel between the

(Continued on page 41)

Broadcasting Rotary's Program

(Continued from page 19)

establish and define the duties of the three committees here referred to. This should not be a difficult task. There is nothing in this suggestion that will seriously interfere with any possible present activity of any club. It is asked merely that the club make provision that all of its activities shall be allocated to three major committees, namely Club Service Committee, Vocational Service Committee, and Community Service Committee.

A reference to the diagram (page 13) will show that each of the three major committees have sub-committees. The number of these sub-committees depends largely upon the numerical strength and requirements of the club.

Under the Committee on Club Service may fall the present Membership Committee, the Classifications Committee, Program Committee, Educational Committee, Finance Committee, Attendance Committee, Fellowship Committee, Public Relations Committee, or any other committee on special phases of club service which the local club has deemed necessary and advisable. (See below.)

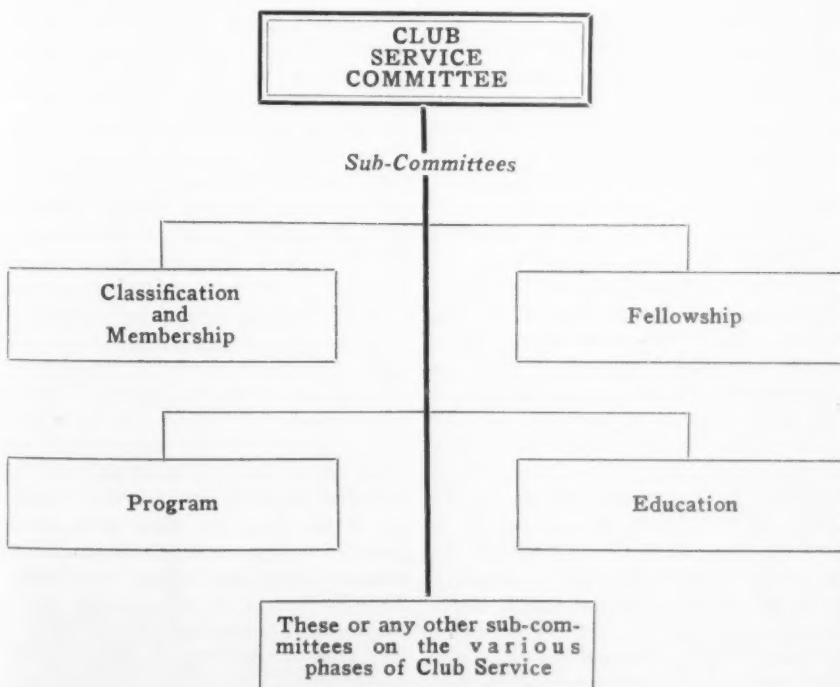
The number of these sub-committees is determined by the club. It seems reasonable that a club of twenty-five members may require only the three major committees, while the club with a large membership desiring to find a task for the greatest possible number of members will provide for sub-committees and allocate to each commit-

tee the duties now being performed by existing committees.

This change can be accomplished easily by naming the chairmen of each of the existing committees now engaged in carrying on special phases of internal club service a member of the Club Service Committee, and continuing as sub-committees the present committees on Membership, Classifications, Program, Education, Finance, Attendance, Fellowship, Public Relations, or whatever they may be.

This same arrangement may be worked out in reference to the Vocational Service Committee and the Community Service Committee, the first with its sub-committees on employment relations, buying and selling relations, competitor relations, international trade relations or any other special phase of Vocational Service; and the second with sub-committees on boys work, crippled children work, student loan fund, rural-urban acquaintance, or any other special phase of Community Service as best meets the requirements of the local club.

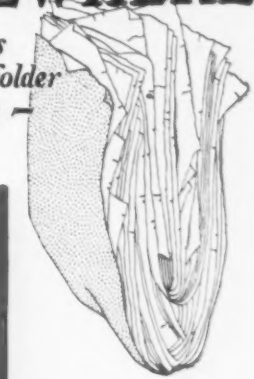
The vice-chairman of the International Aims and Objects Committee has put the arrangement something like this: It is proposed to set up three stations in Rotary International for the purpose of broadcasting the entire educational program of Rotary. These stations are to be known as Club Service,



This diagram shows the present committees in the clubs of smaller membership grouped as sub-committees under the Club Service Committee

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These folders, with their hidden indexes and high and low positions in the files, not only disrupt and impair the efficiency of the entire filing system, but, since they carry the correspondence of the most active accounts, are the most frequent source of trouble, because of misfiled or lost letters.

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FILE POCKETS

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13th & Wood Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

Vocational Service, and Community Service, each having its own wave length and operating in close cooperation but without static or other interference. The local club has installed three receiving-sets permanently tuned into the same wave length as the broadcasting stations and fitted with amplifiers sufficient to reach each Rotarian in his daily activities, in his relation to his club, his vocation and his community, that in the utmost of good will we may advance toward understanding through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in this Ideal of Service.

SO much for the mechanics of the readjustment. We are on a familiar road, often traveled; but we ride in a new conveyance. Difficulties present themselves only when we attempt to make our selection of form in which our program is to be broadcast to the Rotary world. Rotary has found an abiding place in some forty-one nations and we are instantly challenged by the difficulties incident to the presentation of a program capable of adequate expression in every language, equally applicable to all right-thinking men regardless of race, language, customs, religion, environment or any of those other elements that work toward creating misunderstandings even among men of good will.

Rotary International has a program, the furtherance of the Six Objects of Rotary. These objects are fundamental, accepted by every Rotarian, capable of world-wide application and predicated upon the responsibility assumed by each Rotarian to exemplify the ideal of service in daily contact with his club, his vocation, and his community.

What further program is necessary? May we not trust the individual Rotarians who have accepted these ideals, the responsibility of their exemplification in areas wherein they are charged with the administration of Rotary? Some say yes, others say no. May we all agree that if each Rotarian throughout the Rotary world was thoroughly impregnated with the Ideals of Service, an ambassador practicing these ideals in his club, vocational, and social contact, a Rotary program of education would be unnecessary? If so, then our primary difficulty arises from a well-founded belief that many Rotarians in name are not Rotarians in fact, and we are still faced with the necessity of putting Rotary into Rotary clubs.

With this in mind your committee concludes that any program broadcast from Rotary International should first appeal to the individual heart and mind. No man can give service to his club, his vocation, and his community until he has developed within himself an individual desire and individual capacity to

serve society—to pay the rent for the space he occupies.

It is recognized that the club program is a real problem in the small-town club and the International Aims and Objects Committee is desirous of lending a helping hand. These clubs cannot draw from the vast source of transient and local talent usually available in the large cities. There is, however, this great advantage, the membership of the small-town club is frequently asked to participate in club programs, resulting in individual initiative, understanding, and ability to present and express Rotary. It is desired to encourage the development of self-reliance in Rotary clubs, a self-reliance based upon a thorough understanding of the ideals of Rotary, and a club initiative that will put these ideals to work for the betterment of the community.

We feel that the club which is constantly week after week and year after year looking to Rotary International for programs and suggestions, and not exhibiting self-reliance and local initiative, is not making good progress. To this end the Aims and Objects Committee again urge each club to maintain a club library. Many pamphlets have been mailed by Rotary International to your club secretaries. This material should be preserved for future reference. The club library should contain a complete file of:

- (1) The bound volumes of THE ROTARIAN with index for each volume;
- (2) a complete set of pamphlets of Rotary International;
- (3) a complete file of the Weekly Letter from the Secretary of Rotary International;
- (4) a complete file of the official proceedings of the annual Convention of Rotary International;
- (5) a complete file of the official proceedings of the district conferences; a scrapbook for clippings and all other matters of an informative and inspirational character, made easily available for all members desirous of knowing the "why" of Rotary.

With such material on hand for the individual Rotarian charged with the presenting of some phase of Rotary in connection with the program of his club, and for the information and guidance of the club officers, the club will obviate the necessity of the annual and semi-annual shipments of literature to your local clubs. Great economy will result in the substituting of a good filing-cabinet for the waste basket in the offices of many club secretaries.

With such a library located in the secretary's office and with a secretary who makes this material easily available for the perusal and consideration of the individual member, the coordinating process so much desired will be well under way.

The word "Service" has fallen into

such common use and it is so much abused that you may have concluded that it was a "lip wastrel" wholly impractical and a mere camouflage to fool a credulous public.

How much original thought have we given to an individual consideration of the ideals of service applicable to the contacts of our daily life? How much original thinking have we done in our individual consideration of practical methods for encouraging and advancing the Six Objects of Rotary?

Suppose that instead of referring in mere language to "the Ideal of Service as a basis for all worthy enterprise," we approach our consideration by a visualization of the sense of the whole thing as applied to everyday life. Think of the words of the Nazarene: "I am He that serveth." Picture the Black Prince as he holds aloft his shield upon which is emblazoned, "I serve."

The history and growth of civilization is but the life story of good men in the realms of religion, discovery, science, literature, the arts, education, invention and industry, each exercising an uplifting influence on society as a whole, by the application of this ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise.

ROTARY clubs are made up of men selected on the basis of classification, men of big business, or little business, men of large cities, or small cities. Think of the contribution the big business can make and is making in many cases through the application of the ideal of service to worthy enterprise. You may be from a small-town club. Someone said that in the small town, men found little opportunity to understand and apply the ideal of service except through some charitable, philanthropic, or welfare enterprise. How absurd. The largest contributions to the grand total of human service have come from the small-town men. Mere size, great wealth, large capacity have no relevancy to the Rotary Ideal of Service except as these attributes afford the individual possessor a larger opportunity to render individual service.

In "A Talking Knowledge of Rotary," Guy Gundaker says, "Rotarians are eager to grow in capability for service." Absorption of the principles of Rotary makes them not only capable, but willing and anxious to serve. Service has long since ceased to be a mere physical delivery of goods at our back door. Service in the Rotarian sense is a mental process. It is an attitude of mind which relates persons and things with action. Thoughtfulness of others is in reality the basis of Rotary Service. I have illustrated this idea by the following experience:

An old lady, shabbily dressed, was passing down a nearby busy street when

A policeman observed her stoop and pick up something from the sidewalk and hid it underneath her ragged shawl. The policeman stepped up and demanded that she produce what she had found. When her hand was opened there in her open palm were revealed three jagged pieces of broken glass and she said, "I was thinking of the bare-foot children of other women."

That little act, after all, exemplifies Rotary service. That is the ideal—the thoughtfulness for others—that we have in mind in the club, in the vocations, in the communities, to put to work throughout the Rotary world.

Americana

(Continued from page 21)

fully ready to do so. For 28 years he has conducted his magazine on the theory that literary laborers are worthy of their hire."

In a footnote "Time" added:

"As a matter of fact, the 'Americana' formula is no invention of H. L. Mencken's though he it is who made its fame. The 'New Republic' (liberal weekly) has long had a department called 'The Bandwagon' wherein are reprinted, without sarcastic blurbs, excerpted blatancies and stupidities from public orations, sermons, editorials, church bulletins, interviews, etc."

Neutral readers knowing that Mr. Mencken can deliver arresting judgments on books and drama, recognizing that he has a singularly provocative style, realizing that he has never openly claimed to be an authority on sociology though some might read that title into his copy, wondered what exactly a critic might be. Reaching for Webster's Collegiate Dictionary they found:

Critic—One who expresses a judgment on any matter with respect to its value, truth, beauty, etc.; especially one skilled in judging the merits of literary or artistic works; also, opprobriously, one given to harsh or captious judgment.

Mr. Mencken, they reasoned, might qualify under all of this.

Reaching for Bowman's "Contemporary American Criticism" which contains essays by some two dozen critics including both James Russell Lowell and Amy Lowell—as well as Mr. Mencken himself, they realized that even critics do not agree on what criticism is, and consequently appreciated that there might well be confusion on the part of the masses.

Whatever a critic may be, the uncritical reader argued, life would be much less interesting without him.



An Interpretation

MEN dig into the earth for iron and copper; men undergo long years of training for professional skill; men strive mightily for riches; men crown their lives with the glory of accomplishment; but none of these endeavors are comparable to the investment in the boyhood of the world. The potentialities in boyhood are beyond computation; the possibilities have to do with time and eternity. For boyhood, Rotary

does not make smooth the way, does not remove the hills of difficulties, but Rotary travels the uncharted path of life, and with dauntless courage she tackles its problems. She says to the youth of the land, "With my strength I will aid you; with my courage I will encourage you; with my faith I will point the way." Rotary is the helmsman for boyhood—developing it into a virile manhood, morally and spiritually.

—Sheltman.



We asked three men this question

The deciding factor in making a sale! What is it?

"All things being equal—goods, prices, terms, and service about the same—what is the deciding factor in making a sale?" We asked that question of three men.

"Good Will", said the railway president. "Confidence", the banker replied. And "Friendly relations" was the answer of a famous merchant whose store is known from coast to coast. A difference of phraseology but little difference in thought. Good will swings the sale, but the measure of good will is determined by confidence, and friendliness underlies them both. This is the conclusion of the successful man, whatever his field.

No business, great or small, can long survive without good will. Public corporations are spending thousands in advertising to cultivate the good will of the people they

serve. By means of advertising, manufacturers are erecting invisible "good will" properties more valuable by far than the structures of steel in which their wares are housed. Note the transfer of a business from one firm to another, and you will see good will listed among the assets at sums ranging from hundreds to millions of dollars.

Your own business prospers in exact proportion to the good will you earn. Advertising is a part of your business-building program, of course. This program is not complete unless it includes the one form of advertising designed primarily to promote that friendliness which is the greater part of good will. "Remembrance Advertising" we call it. One hundred and fifty thousand American concerns are using it today.

BROWN & BIGELOW

Remembrance Advertising

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St. Paul, Minn.

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Send for free copy "STRENGTHENING YOUR ADVERTISING", a book that will be of extraordinary help in planning your business-building campaign.

BROWN & BIGELOW, St. Paul, Minnesota	
Send free book, STRENGTHENING YOUR ADVERTISING, and suggest specific plan to stimulate our business.	
Firm.....	Nature of business.....
City.....	State.....

SALES OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES



Crane Beach

...On the Cunard West Indies Cruise

Bathe in sparkling blue water at 76° in Winter... one of the most beautiful tropical beaches in the world... Lounge under the cocoanut palms... eat the fried flying fish and paw-paw at a swanky little hotel.

31 days of sun... the oil of relaxation poured softly into your marrow... And 14 other ports of gaiety and contrast... Sidewalk cafes in Havana... green darting birds in Curacao... Kingston... La Guayra... Port au Prince... tiffin and golf at a smart club in Bermuda...

And for luxury and idleness your cabin in between ports... cool English chintzes... deep chairs... a soft breeze from the punkah louver, the modern ventilator installed by the line... You might be in a guest room in a magnificently well-run home. See your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York.

FRANCONIA—15 days—
From N. Y. Dec. 20... \$200 up
CALIFORNIA—31 days—
From N. Y. Jan. 21 and
Feb. 25... \$300 up

CUNARD-ANCHOR West Indies Cruises



Who's Your Ideal Rotarian?

(Continued from page 18)

working officer, or your check giver, can compare to him as an ideal Rotarian!"

There was a moment's silence. Then: "We haven't heard from Whimsical, here!" suggested the Tall Member. He started all this, didn't he?"

"Yes, I did. And I may be able to finish it, too!" asserted the Whimsical Member. "Only you fellows will have to hide your diminished heads when I get through. Because you are all barking up the wrong tree, trying to pick grapes from thistles, as it were!"

"Meaning that you have a different ideal?"

"Meaning that none of you have any ideals!" retorted Whimsical. "What you are doing is retailing virtues which certain Rotarians possess, and asserting that because some one of these virtues fits with an ideal Rotarian program, therefore the possessor of these virtues is an ideal Rotarian. Now as a matter of fact, you can't separate an act from its motive, like that. You have to consider not only what a chap does, but *why* he does it."

"I don't just get that..." the Stout Member looked puzzled.

"Read your Bible, man! The widow's mite; she gave little but it was all she had. Her motive was to do all that could be done. Measured by what she did, her contribution was little. Measured by how and why she gave it, and it was enormous. Your check-giving Rotarian is generous, but so are hundreds of others. The fellow who attends every meeting may be actuated by a desire not to pay a fine; he may want the pleasant advertising of being announced from the Chair as the winner of the attendance contest; he may have such a good time here that he doesn't miss because to do so is an interference with his own pleasure. All these motives are worthy enough, of course, but none of them qualify the man as the possessor of traits which make him ideal."

"The hard-working officer is an asset to any club. All honor to the fellow who is unselfish enough to serve his mates and his club to the best of his ability. But the officers get some return, not in money, but in honor. If you don't believe it, look at the eagerness with which a lot of fellows hope the lightning will strike in their direction at the annual election. They are innocent honor hunters; they like the

prominence of an official position and are perfectly willing to trade the hard and unselfish labor necessary to be one, for the satisfaction they get out of being heralded as the president, the vice-president, etc. Sometimes we have an officer who doesn't want the office but takes it because he thinks he can serve, but before you decide that an officer is an ideal Rotarian because he works hard, you have to know why he is an officer and whether he is really unselfish and devoted, or merely having a mighty good time in his own way."

"Well, tell us what you think an ideal Rotarian is then," asked the Little Member.

"The ideal Rotarian," replied the Whimsical Member slowly, "is the man who has taken Rotary principles most to heart and tries hardest to live them in his own life. Rotary, you know, is not a club, nor even an association of clubs. They are merely the machinery. Rotary itself is a spirit, a feeling, an idea. The finest automobile money can make or man can buy is useless as a means of transportation without gasoline to run it. The biggest, best attended, most generously giving Rotary Club in the world is a flat failure, if within it, and therefore within its members, is not the true spirit of Rotary."

"That spirit is *giving*. . . . No, not the mere giving of money. Anyone who has money may, and most will, give it. In many cases, it costs nothing but signing a check. A Rotarian really gives when he gives of himself. The hard-working officer gives of himself. The constant attender gives of himself. But only in a small way; the man who gives most of himself does so without publicity, without hope of reward, without any honor coming to him because of it. . . . he does it because Rotary is not only in his business; its wheel on his coat and maybe on his show window and his automobile; it is in his heart."

"I know one such in this club, anyhow. There are probably a lot more. But they don't tell about it. This chap I have in mind has two correspondents in prison. Both of them are in for life. Never mind what for; this Rotarian doesn't care. Whatever they have done, they are paying. He writes to them regularly, bringing a little human touch to their drab lives. He has one automobile and no chauffeur. Once a week he goes to the Old Folks home and

takes some old lady or man out for a ride. No Rotarian is reported ill but what this Rotarian calls on him.

"In his business he has installed a Rotary system. He rewards liberally those who really serve the public best. At a real sacrifice of money and time, he has taken charge of two civic movements in which Rotary as a club cannot take part, induced to do so by what Rotary has taught him of the spirit of service.

"He isn't always here. Sometimes he misses. He is not an officer. He is not a wealthy man, and so his checks are no bigger than those of a lot of fellows. But he gives liberally of himself. I happen to know, too, that he is putting two boys through college; chaps who wouldn't otherwise be able to go.

"Now the point of all this story, and the reason I nominate this sort of a man as the ideal Rotarian, is this: before he became a Rotarian, he was just an average run-of-the-mine sort of man. He was neither selfish nor unselfish, good nor bad, distinguished nor undistinguished. He was just an average citizen. He does stand high in his business, of course, or we wouldn't have thought of him for membership. But he didn't stand out from the rest of his fellows when he was elected. But as the real inner principles of Rotary percolated into him, he began to act by them, live by them, try to take them into his life. He does it entirely without ostentation, without telling any one about it. He doesn't do so much for the club at its meetings, but he does more for the club's spirit; he takes Rotary home with him. That's why I think he is the ideal Rotarian, rather than the constant attender, the hardest-working officer, the big check giver, or the man who provides Rotary with amusement."

There was a moment's silence, then: "If he doesn't tell anyone about it, how do you know it?"

"I am both his neighbor and his lawyer," was the answer.

"And rightfully, his admirer!" put in the Fat Rotarian. "Who is he?"

"I wouldn't spoil his satisfaction in his Rotary idealism by advertising him!" answered Whimsical. "But I rather suspect that there are a number of him in all clubs. I think so, because it's that spirit which makes Rotary, Rotary!"



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Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 23)

were withal sanguinary spectacles. However, Echeandia Gal did not like bull-fights; he did not believe in such sanguinary contests. So he bought the building, tore it down, and built a modern stadium in its place, presenting it to the youth of his city. "Here, in the open air, under the glory of a life-giving sun," he said, "the youth of my town will grow strong, optimistic, and ambitious to win in all noble contests of sports."

Rotary in Spain immediately felt the influence of his association with the movement when he became president of the Rotary Club of Madrid. He understood and appreciated the importance of Rotary's six objects. He realized the

possibilities that such a movement might have for his country. Under his leadership the club rapidly grew from a small handful of members to over seventy. He has also taken an active interest in the extension work of Rotary through other parts of Spain.

And now, after forty years of constant endeavor in business and for his city and for his country, once in a while he stops in the course of a busy day. His eyes gleam, and his countenance seems to radiate happiness. To him then comes the satisfaction of one who has been useful to others; who has done his part in improving all that he found around him; happy because his faith in work has brought him the results for which he has always striven.

Just recently he has been given the Gold Medal for outstanding work by the Spanish Government at the request of the leading commercial and trade associations of the country, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any man in Spain for business or community achievement. A great poet once wrote—

"For his heart was in his work, and the heart

Giveth grace unto every Art."

When the American poet, Longfellow, penned those lines, I imagine he must have been thinking of men such as Echeandia Gal who work for the joy of labor, and who reflect in every other contact of life the song that is in their hearts.

Boot-Straps and Percentages

(Continued from page 10)

yawning, spitting their chewing tobacco at a melon rind at the far side of the walk, used to stretch their arms and say, "You bet! There ain't nobody yet invented no way a man can lift himself by his own boot-straps!" And then they would yawn again and get up and stretch and say, "Well, I dunno but what I'll go down to the river and see if she's rose any since morning."

That saying—"No man can lift himself by his own boot-straps"—made quite a hit with me. I heard it first when I was a small boy and wearing brass-toed boots with red leather tops, and I went off somewhere and tried it out and found it was true. I crooked my two forefingers and hooked them in my boot-straps and pulled like everything, and I could not lift myself an inch, not even an eighth of an inch.

That saying—"No man can lift himself by his own boot-straps"—had for me the glamour of a noble past. The boot was rapidly taking its place with the gold-hilted dress-sword of the courtly days of old, and the humble shoe was being worn. There was but one shoemaker in our town who still made boots, and he made them only for the finest of our aristocracy—the town gambler and the town almost-millionaires. I used to stand and watch Schmidt making those boots, shaping the leather over the wooden lasts with his virile thumb and tacking an extra bit of leather on the last where the Hon. Oleander Spriggins' bunion had bulged a bit more since the last pair. The leather was as soft as a baby's skin and as fragrant as a rose. The

soles were as thin as the binding of a book and the heels were high and graceful. Those last sad boots of the dear dead days spoke of romance to me, and hooked that boot-strap saying onto the noble past. Even D'Artagnan could not lift himself by his own boot-straps. Napoleon could not do it. Grant could not do it. Nobody could do it. Not even George Washington.

The boot-strap saying stuck in the memory because it made a picture that any fellow could see. He could visualize a man bending down and hooking his forefingers in his boot-straps and trying to lift himself over a five-foot fence—a fat man, maybe. Or he could picture a whole row of men, fifty or sixty or a hundred of them, all bent down with their forefingers in their boot-straps and trying to lift themselves over a brick wall. It was enough to make a horse laugh.

It is a grand old saying—"No man can lift himself by his own boot-straps"—and there is only one trouble with it. It is a lie. There is no truth in it. It is a falsity and a deception. Because there is no way a man *can* lift himself except by his own boot-straps, and millions of men have done it and are doing it every day.

EVEN that farmer's bright remark to Sam Tucker looks silly when a brilliant mind like mine holds a lens for you to look through. It was true enough that Sam Tucker couldn't invent a perpetual-motion machine until he could climb into a basket and carry himself around on his own arm, but he couldn't invent

one even then. Nobody can invent a perpetual-motion machine. Even Nature can't do it; the moon once revolved on its axis, but it has stopped; each year the earth revolves a fraction of a second slower, and in time it will cease to revolve. Everything comes to a stop in time. Sam Tucker couldn't invent a perpetual-motion machine if he *did* carry himself around in his own basket; he couldn't invent one if he climbed into the farmer's basket and the farmer carried him around; he couldn't invent one if he had a horse and buggy and drove around; he couldn't invent one if he went around in an airplane. It was all nonsense.

But a man can be lifted. I have seen a man who was dying of T. B. take himself by his own boot-straps and lift himself into perfect health. I have seen more than one man who was low in some way, and mighty low, too, take himself by his boot-straps and lift himself high, and stay there. You have all seen it done.

Things like this questionnaire are boot-straps. All kinds of charts and comparison-lists are boot-straps. They are things to crook our forefingers into so that we may lift ourselves over the fences that are holding us back. I doubt if any man can read this questionnaire, for example, and not see where he should lift himself at least a little—unless he is purer than Ivory Soap. And I doubt if, reading the questionnaire, he does not begin lifting himself a little by his own boot-straps then and there. He may only take home a pound of chocolates or de-

He did not declare war against a neighboring country, but he will lift himself somehow.

I have been a boot-strapper of the most confirmed variety, and I believe most of you have been using your boot-straps for lifting purposes more or less, although you may not have thought of it in that way. When I became connected with a bank almost the first thing I did was to make a chart showing how the deposits stood, with line after line to show where they might climb if they were agile and spry. I thumb-tacked that on the wall of the directors' room and each week I marked the course of the deposits. They went off the top of that chart, and I thumb-tacked another sheet above it and they went off the top of that one. The chart was a boot-strap. The first thing any director did when he entered that room was to look at the chart. You can't tell me it did not help that bank lift itself.

BY profession I am, of course, an author, and I know no profession where uncontrollable factors have so much to do with a man's income. In one month ten editors may ask for manuscripts, in ten months no editor may ask for any. In one month a hundred good ideas may crowd into a writer's mind and demand to be written, and the next month he can't see an idea if he stands on top of the Woolworth Building with a hundred-inch telescope. One month he may send all his manuscripts to editors who have been eagerly awaiting them, and the next month there is nobody in the office but the boy who puts the "Rejection implies no lack of merit" slips in the envelopes. All this tends to make an author's income about as even and regular as the scenic railway at Coney Island. His income is apt to be \$10.30 one month and \$10,300 the next. An author can control his income about as well as a gnat can control a cyclone.

In spite of all that, I have for years kept charts of my monthly and yearly income, as every man should do, and by those boot-straps I am continually lifting myself out of the finest bog of bred-in-the-bone laziness the world has yet had the pleasure of knowing. If my average for January for twenty years is \$1,000 I try to write enough to push it higher this January. If my best January was \$2,400 I try to make this one \$2,500. I try to make each month pass or equal any similar month I have ever had. If a first six months of a year slumps, I try to make it up in the final six months. This has made me one of the most prolific writers of the Twentieth or any other century. It is possible that it has lowered the quality of my work a little because I have written so much, but if I was not con-

tinually lifting myself by my boot-straps I would not write anything at all. Writing, as you know if you have tried it, is work; it is work to which a man must often force himself against his inclination, if he is to get anything done; it is such hard work—as a profession—that the crowd of writers continually leaving the profession to become pork-butchers and peanut-roasters is like the old '49 gold rush to California.

I can't imagine a profession or a business in which a man can't lift himself by means of a chart or questionnaire boot-strap, unless it is the undertaking business, and even an undertaker can, by giving himself a stiff upward pull on his boot-straps, increase the rental of folding chairs to quite an extent, I shouldn't wonder. As a matter of fact, I expect to receive twenty-seven letters from undertakers, within a week after this is published, telling me how they have boosted the burying business by charts.

In the somewhat more exalted field of human character the chart rather necessarily becomes the questionnaire, whether it is a printed one like the one in this magazine, or one in a man's own mind—his thoughts about himself. Whatever the form it may take, it is a boot-strap, and no man can lift himself without a boot-strap of one sort or another, and no one but the man himself can lift himself. About the only advice that I can remember that suggests that something outside a man can lift him is "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" and even that makes the man do a self-lifting job, because the complete directions would read "You go to the ant," or "Go you to the ant, thou sluggard!"

My opinion is that the sluggard would not go to the ant, in any event. He would more likely say, "Well, I don't know; I reckon I'll sit here awhile and see if the ant don't move over this way." And if he did go to the ant, and from the ant learned to be industrious and up-and-coming, the ant would be just a sort of boot-strap by which the sluggard had lifted himself out of his sluggishness. I'll admit that saying an ant is a boot-strap is going a little far, but there may be ants somewhere that look like boot-straps; there are bugs that look like leaves, and bugs that look like walking-sticks, and I don't see why there should not be ants that look like boot-straps. In any event, it is the man who has to uplift himself—the ant won't do the lifting, even if the ant looks like a derrick.

All the advice for the betterment of a man's soul and his estate put the job up to the man himself. "Do unto others" does not say "Go and find some-



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one to do unto others as you would be done by" but "Do thou unto others." If "Early to bed and early to rise make a man healthy and wealthy and wise" it does me no good to have some fellow out in Oklahoma go to bed early. Seeking the downy couch betimes is my job, or it will not do me any good. No one can improve my character but I myself. I have to crook my forefingers in my own boot-straps and do my own upheaving. Even a dog gets the best result by scratching his own fleas.

If a man thought this world was a gloomy place and that it held nothing but sour faces and depressed spirits, and found himself becoming day by day weepier and weepier, he could change it in one minute by sitting down and smiling. As far as he was concerned the world would be a smiling place immediately. He would instantly be a smiling man, wouldn't he? The whole blamed world might have gloomy faces but his would be a smiling face. If he made up his mind to be cheerful, he could be cheerful. If a man makes up his mind to be hopeful he can be hopeful quite as easily as he can be hopeless. If he decides to improve his character he can improve it. But no one can do my smiling for me; each man has to do his own smiling. Bill Smith, of Oklahoma, may feel as hopeful as a spring violet, but that does not help me; if I want to feel hopeful I have to do my own feeling. Sixty

men on my block may become nobler and finer characters but if I want my own character to improve I have to do the improving myself.

Now and then some man makes a fortune for other men. Ford did it and Rockefeller did it, and others have done it, but you and I know how rare such cases are. We know that if we want fortunes we have to make them for ourselves. Nobody else will do it for us.

In the matter of character betterment there are even fewer men bothering their minds about us. You have a neighbor on your block and you think this of him or you think that of him, but your inclination is to take him as he is. You are apt to say, "Yes, Jim Smith is all right enough, but he's a good deal of a light-weight some ways." You accept his character as you see it, and beyond that it is none of your business. He made it what it is. And he accepts your character as it is; you made it what it is. If Jim Smith wants his character bettered, that is his business; if you want your character bettered, that is your business.

It is surprising to note, when their biographies are published, how many of the great and fine men of our world had notebooks or diaries in which they had jotted down rules of conduct, codes of personal ethics or suggestions for self-improvement gathered from others or composed for their own use. Washington did this; Napoleon did it;

almost every great man did it. The ten commandments are a questionnaire—"Have I honored my father and my mother?"

Questionnaires, check-lists, charts, codes of ethics, rules of conduct are all boot-straps for lifting ourselves to something better than we have been. They help us because we forget so easily, if we do not have reminders near at hand. We all know what we ought to do and what we want to do, but in the hurry and hustle of every-day life we chase so eagerly after the thing just ahead of us that we forget other things, and the check-list—looked at now and then—freshens our memory and steers us right once more.

The questionnaire we have before us now is one that might have been formulated by that same George Washington of whom some of you may have heard and who was, by all accounts, quite an important man in his day. I found it amusing to go through the list of fifty questions and imagine how George Washington would have rated himself. He would have rated high but, being a sincere man, I doubt if he would have given himself better than an Ivory Soap percentage. So if you fall a little short of him—and rate, let us say, only 99 43-100 per cent—don't despair. Put the questionnaire aside, keep your fingers crooked in your boot-straps, and check up again a year from now.

Random Impressions

(Continued from page 19)

movement—and that Rotary, in turn, has had a tremendous appeal to such men as are assembled in that General Council meeting: captains of industry, leaders of communities, big men in every sense of the word, all giving of their very best that Rotary may flourish. Yes, my first impression of the Board and the Council, in the job it undertakes, is one of intense admiration and thankfulness that our movement is guided by such men as these.

Every moment was a moment of happiness and if the future dictates that I shall never again get such an opportunity, at least I shall carry for all time, memories of those happy days.

Every man seemed to have learned the art of smiling—an easy thing to do when one makes up one's mind to do it. Each one seemed to be saying—

Smile, smile, always smile.
Let the other fellow see the things worth while;
Keep a happy face, and never stop to frown.
Give a helping hand to the fellow that is down.
But always keep on smiling, that other folks may see.
This world could be a happy place, because of Rotary.

And now in conclusion, just a word

or two as to my impressions of the American people. I had not landed long before I was convinced that as a nation America has that ever-saving grace, a sense of humor, to my mind one of God's greatest gifts. What pleases me immensely, and this is where you score one on the average Britisher, is the friendliness between men who employ and those employed. I believe it would be impossible to describe better exactly what I mean than to tell you of my visit with Charlie Hamilton at his own works in Malden, Massachusetts. Charlie has complete supervision over the Cuticura Soap factory at Malden, and had been away in Europe for several weeks. We went with him to his office where we found awaiting him a most beautiful basket of flowers, attached to which was a delightful greeting welcoming him home. Through department after department we wandered with him, and the genuine handshakes between Charlie and members of his staff, even to the porters, was an impression that I shall always carry with me.

As a nation, of course, America thinks big and acts big. I am wondering if you act sometimes too big. The impression I have formed in Chicago, lead me to wonder how long this organizing on such an enormous scale will continue. Is there not a danger that you will over-organize and over-develop? It seems very clear to me now that in business you have either got to go on or go out and in the going on it must become increasingly difficult to maintain a balance of reasonable security.

I like to feel that the Americans and British are really first cousins. That there is so much in common between us that one hopes fervently that the two nations may get closer and still closer together, working out such schemes that shall make for greater happiness in the days yet to come.

I find you in America a very friendly nation, full of good nature, and I know that my soul will wander in restlessness until the waters of the Atlantic again carry me back to your very hospitable shores.



The Railway Situation What It Means to the Investor

By John P. Mullen

Assistant Educational Director, Investment Bankers Association
of America

THAT American railroads, as a whole, are enjoying the most prosperous period of their existence, fully holding their own with the general prosperity of the country, is unanimously acknowledged. The evidence, as far as we can take evidence, is undeniable. The railroad year of 1926 broke all previous records in taxes, freight traffic, and gross and net operating earnings. In that year the ton-miles of freight handled increased more than 7 per cent and net operating income gained 9.5 per cent compared with 1925, itself a record year in net earnings and freight traffic. Compared with 1923, the best previous year from the viewpoint of gross earnings, 1926 freight traffic gained 7.5 per cent, gross revenues increased about 1.5 per cent, and net operating income gained about 27 per cent.

Working down to a more immediately significant figure we find that the 1926 rate of return on railroad invested capital was the highest since the war—well above 5 per cent by whatever standard of investment it is measured. Although they are not yet averaging the officially set rate of 5.75 per cent upon their capital investment, the improvement of the railroads is none the less remarkable; the lost ground which they faced at the end of federal control was greater than is generally realized.

While these records in gross and net earnings have been greatly assisted by the extraordinarily intense and well-sustained business activity of the past several years, they have resulted more from increased efficiency in operation than from additional business. Despite the continued growth in the volume of freight traffic handled, the business of the railroads is growing far less rapidly today than it did before the war. In the ten-year pre-war period freight traffic increased about 100 per cent. Since the war the increase has been less than 25 per cent. But today the average tractive power of locomotives is about 10,000 pounds greater than it was in 1916, and, consequently, trains

have increased in length and freight engines run faster and farther. The average train now carries 752 tons against 687 tons five years ago; the average freight car travels 29.5 miles a day as compared with 24.5 miles in 1921. Terminals have been freed from congestion, substantial progress has been along the lines of physical improvements, and a more effective co-operation has grown up between shippers and carriers. And the result of these remarkable advances in the technical phases of the transportation business has been a notable reduction in operating ratio to close to the average pre-war level, in the face of rising taxes and wages and declining receipts per ton-mile.

Harassed by regulation, forced to fight the competition of the motor-bus and automobile and demoralized by the depression of the post-war period the railroads, about a decade back, faced very unfavorable prospects. They could not quit business; their service is a public service. They could not expect government aid; politics were menacing. They did, then, the one logical thing; they made their objective the best possible service at the highest possible efficiency under the circumstances. During the past several years they have done all that shippers and travelers could reasonably expect. As an example, during the first five months of 1923 the average weekly shortage was 58,000 cars. During the same period of 1926 the average car shortage ran only 70 cars a week. It is this improvement in the quality of railroad service that has made it possible for the jobber and the merchant to purchase from the manufacturer on a hand-to-mouth basis without fear of disappointing their customers, and contributed to a real revolution of industry.

Apart from its effect in strengthening their financial condition, the satisfactory manner in which the railroads have handled their enormous traffic of the last few years has gone a long way to better their public relations. This



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is a very strong point for the holders or prospective holders of railroad securities, particularly in a period when restrictions and laws are ground out wholesale. It is only natural that the public attitude of mind should find reflection in the products of our legislative bodies. It is a point in favor of railroad securities, then, that the public shows no great antipathy toward these great systems. Rather, there is evident a desire that the carriers shall operate satisfactorily and shall prosper. There is more than that; there is evident a kindly reciprocity that means very much to these transportation systems, to the shippers and to the public. It is encouraging to find that shippers individually and collectively are doing their utmost to co-operate with the carriers, that regulatory bodies are endeavoring to be helpful rather than restrictive, and that the public is more appreciative of the problems the railroads face. This condition did not come about easily. It required that the railroads concern themselves less with their rights and troubles and more with their duties. It demanded that the hundred million awake themselves thoroughly to the situation.

As a result of this readjustment, this improvement, railroad securities are finding a renewed popularity with investors. Whether or not this popularity will continue to be deserved throughout the future no one can say positively. There is a general belief, however, that this foundation industry can look forward to stable and satisfactory conditions for many years to come. Surely, there is nothing in the conduct or prospects of the industry at present that should make the investor hesitate to hold well-recommended, sound railroad securities. The business still has its problems, to be sure; and, although some of them are not to be easily disposed of, they are less trying, undoubtedly, than those problems which the carriers have faced in the last decade. One of these problems is the increasing competition of motor busses and trucks, both in passenger and freight service. In 1925, railroad passenger traffic decreased about 25 per cent in comparison with 1920, and passenger receipts fell off about 15 per cent. In comparison with 1923, passenger mileage for 1926 decreased 6 per cent. No immediate improvement on this side of the business is to be anticipated, it seems. The automobile and the motor-bus and truck are fairly well-established for short hauls and light loads, and it is very likely that they will hold their place.

Another problem which the railroads face, arising out of their new-found prosperity, is the problem of wages. This problem, however, does not appear to be a real menace inasmuch as a far

better understanding exists than formerly between railway employers and railway employees. Everything about railway management is so open and public as to make it easy for employees to get the facts and to learn exactly the position of the employing properties. This does make for contentment. There are, however, those who believe that the Railway Labor Act, enacted last year, which provides for voluntary adjustment, mediation and arbitration between the railroad companies and their employees, may make it easier for the brotherhoods and labor organizations to influence wages and working conditions. If this is so, it is unlikely that labor will seek an advantage which might be termed pirating. The last few years have developed a very satisfactory *esprit de corps* among American workers, and this is especially well-evidenced among the 1,700,000 railway workers in the United States.

THE problems of future railroad financing will work themselves out, undoubtedly, upon presentation. If the roads continue to display the prosperity they have reported of late, it may be that the widely predicted era of railway stock financing is near at hand. Such financing, without a doubt, would be advantageous both from the standpoint of the companies and their long-term creditors. For about twenty years it has been necessary for the railroads to sell new bonds or notes whenever they needed money for expansion. While these bonds and notes have generally found a very ready market, they have come to prove very burdensome, since they represent fixed interest-bearing securities which must be provided for when business is bad as well as when business is good. With a greater ability to attract partnership capital, these burdens could be made lighter and, at the same time, the position of the bondholder could be made more desirable as the shock-absorbing capital of the companies is increased.

Future railroad financing will have an especial interest for the investor, since the great bulk of it will probably grow out of those consolidations which seem inevitable, if adequate transportation service is to be supplied at the lowest rates consistent with such service. At the present time the Interstate Commerce Commission has in preparation a plan of consolidation which is expected to accomplish some very beneficial results. Whether or not the proposed mergers will work to the advantage of the public and the business can be determined fully and finally only by test. It would seem, however, in the light of past experience, that these proposed, larger systems can give better service than forty or fifty smaller ones. The history of the railways shows a day when our present systems

were little better than disjointed, dislocated links. Progress and better transportation came with the way they were welded into stronger chains. And it seems logical, therefore, that a step further, the consolidation of many of the existing systems "into a series of groups where competition would be preserved, management unified, and the credit and excess earnings of the stronger units merged into the mileage and excess assets (from an earnings standpoint) of the weaker units," would result in better equipment, better system, and a greater specialization that should spell further progress. Such opinion is far from unanimous, however. Many railroad men and others do not hold consolidations to be feasible. They see, moreover, many difficulties attending a prearranged plan of consolidation, and in the fact that there is no apparent government machinery which is likely to surmount them. It is the opinion of many that voluntary consolidations, observing the Transportation Act completely, would be more favorable to the carriers and the public than forced consolidations under a rigid plan. But outside these differences of opinion, the fact is that consolidation will hold many things of interest for the present and prospective railroad investors. If the bond- and stock-holder is to make the best use of his money, he will watch all proposed mergers closely.

Today the most encouraging thing from the investor's standpoint is the fact that conditions in the railway field are most satisfactory. The roads, as a whole, have lived through a very trying period, and have emerged in a better shape than most competent observers would have believed possible. They are, at present, out of politics; railroad legislation is nearly negligible as a campaign issue. They are free to turn their attention to constructive development, where for many years they were under the necessity of defending themselves against unceasing legislative bombardment. On top of this, the railroads are operating more efficiently than at any other period in their history. They are converting scrap locomotive tire steel into hammers, boiler flues into washers, broom handles into flagstaffs, broken spring leaves into elliptic springs, and old hose into baggage mats. They are working more closely with shippers, using equipment more carefully, and striving continually to improve the present high quality of their service. In those things are their greatest promise for the future. Traffic may fluctuate, expenses may increase, but while the railroads aim at better service with lower operating costs the holders of sound railroad stocks and bonds can fairly feel that the future is favorable.

Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 30)

the Chinese revolutions in fifteen years, and the long growth of American independence; advocated removal of missionaries from China; and pleaded that the Chinese be allowed to develop in their own way; it was announced that a Rotarian from Shanghai was in the adjoining room.

Soon Rotarian Luther Gee was introduced, told of the nine different nationalities represented in his club, of friendships unshaken during chaotic times. He too, received an ovation, and Lankershim Rotarians went back to work much impressed by the possibilities of international understanding, of chance encounters.

Support Scout Jamboree; Local Hospital Drive

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ENGLAND.—Shrill cheers from more than 1,500 Essex Scouts greeted Chief Scout Sir Robert Baden-Powell when he arrived at Priory Park. Many Scouts had never seen the founder of their organization before, were glad that Rotarians and others had made this jamboree possible.

The Rotary Anns of Southend had their innings later, when a three-day bazaar was held in aid of the local hospital. Goods which they had made at their weekly meetings fetched more than \$1,250. Later the women presented their fine stall to the Rotary club which has stored it for future occasions.

Seven Countries, Eleven States, And "West Fitchburg"

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS.—One of the best meetings ever held by Rotarians of Fitchburg was "International Day" at which the various nationalities represented in the town were invited to demonstrate what they could contribute to the general entertainment. Yankees, Swedes, French, Irish, Germans, Hebrews, Scotch, Canadians, English vied in song, costume and demonstration of national custom. Then there was the group from West Fitchburg to whom fell the pleasant task of representing countries and states not otherwise represented. Eleven of the American States were already accounted for. Among the 150 who enjoyed the program were several Rotarians from Leominster.

Rotary-Ann Club Co-operates

MILES CITY, MONTANA.—The wives, sisters, mothers, and daughters of local Rotarians have formed a co-operating organization which, besides helping with Rotary community service, has similar activities of its own. Recently the two groups united their efforts at a Farm-

er's Frolic. One of the most amusing features on the program was "Susie's Kitchen Band," which furnished melodies—apparently through the medium of such unpromising implements as meat choppers, coffee grinders, the coal shovel, and wash-board.

"Absolutely No Fireworks in Town"

DOWINGTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.—Despite the casualty lists which appear in many American papers on the 5th of July, the juvenile population usually thinks an Independence Day without firecrackers is a sad travesty. Hence

when the official head of Downingtown announced "Absolutely no fireworks in town" there was a big opportunity for someone to find substitutes. The local Rotary club came to the rescue with a kite-flying contest followed by athletic events. There were events for boys under twelve, for boys up to sixteen. There were little kites, big kites, plain kites, fancy kites, patriotic kites—all sorts of kites. Rotarians were on hand to cheer, to help where help was permissible. There was a prize for the greatest distance flown, for the kite up the longest, for the heaviest kite up without a tail, for the best-built kite;



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there were first, second, and third prizes for artistic kites.

In the athletic events there were two classes in the high jump, broad jump, 100-yard dash, bicycle race, reserve race, loop the loop, and finally Scout stunts. Altogether the boys decided it was a big Fourth—even without fireworks and the Rotarians are planning an even better program next year.

Hold First of Series Of International Meets

MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA.—Sixteen of the twenty-seven members of the Estevan, Saskatchewan, Rotary club visited their fellows at Minot for the first "international luncheon" held in that particular section of the Northwest. Theodore A. Torgerson of Estevan, governor of the fourth Canadian Rotary district, said that Estevan, a city with less than 3,000 population, proved that Rotary could succeed in smaller towns if a few courageous men would shoulder the burden during the club's early days. Other Estevan speakers dealt with the Sixth Object, stressed the fact that bridges are being built between Canada and the United States instead of forts. The Minot club will return the visit later in the summer and other clubs in this neighborhood will be invited to join in a series of international luncheons.

No Sidewalks, No Street Lights.

PITMAN, NEW JERSEY.—Reminiscences of those early days of Pitman, when that borough had neither sidewalks, nor street lights, when only two trains a day halted there, were given at a meeting of the local Rotary club. These stories were told by the Hon. J. McCowan, first of the five mayors since Pitman became a borough in 1905. All the mayors are still living, all were invited to the meeting—and only one was unable to be present. Other mayors told how the town's population had increased from 1,018 to 8,000; how the assessed valuation had risen from \$457,000 to approximately \$7,000,000.

"Babe" Ruth Makes Another "Hit"

HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.—Warned by the shrieking sirens of motor-cycle police that his idol was approaching Reynolds' Field, many a local boy sprinted madly for the athletic field, wiggled into the crowd of cheering youngsters who greeted George Herman—otherwise "Babe"—Ruth, husky baseball player. "Babe" who had swatted out his twenty-second home run of the season that day, was fairly mobbed by his ardent disciples. He promised to come around some night and get in a game of the Boys' Summer League.

It is expected that about 300 boys from Hastings-on-Hudson, Ardsley, or Dobbs Ferry, will play in the various League teams this summer. There is the Junior League for boys under fifteen, and the Senior League for boys 15 to 19. This is the third year of the League, and this summer "Babe" has autographed two bats and two baseballs as trophies for the winning teams. Besides the boys of the public schools, lads from a correctional institution at Dobbs Ferry, and from a New York orphanage at Hastings will participate. Rotarians, School Board officials, and other adults are co-operating in the outfitting and managing of these teams.

No Soggy Food At This Picnic

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.—From the doors of hundreds of homes in Woodstock and Oxford counties anxious women scanned the lowering skies, worried over the threat of rain for the big community picnic at Southside Park under the auspices of Woodstock Rotary, decided to go anyhow. The gathering, held on Victoria Day, had the dual object of developing friendship between town and country folk and raising funds for crippled children's work. The mayor, a member of the Provincial Parliament, and two members of the Dominion Parliament, spoke on behalf of these plans.

Entertainment included a soft-ball tournament, swimming, boating, and a concert by the band of the 1st Battalion Oxford Rifles. Many buttons, many dance tickets, were sold for the Rotary fund which aids crippled and underprivileged children. Picnickers holding lucky numbers at the dance went home with even brighter faces than their fellows.

"In notes by distance made more sweet—"

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.—Before the new Gothic business building of L. L. Jones, president of Atlantic City Rotary, stood a surpliced choir singing lustily. The choir, all Rotarians, sang outside for a while, marched in accompanied by practically all their fellow-members, and sang again.

Later at a regular meeting of the club, four songsters stood before a telephone and sang a song specially composed for Louis St. John, director who has been convalescing after an operation.

Rotary Ann Club Is Six Years Old

BESSEMER, ALABAMA.—A paragraph in "The Hub," publication of Bessemer Rotary, reads: "We note that the wives of members of the Birmingham, Michigan, Rotary club, have organized

a Rotary Ann Club, and a report from Birmingham quoted in a recent issue of THE ROTARIAN stated that they were among the first, if not the first, to organize such a club. We do not like to take the glory away from a brother club, but the Rotary Anns have been functioning among the wives of Bessemer Rotarians for more than six years, which makes the inception here around 1921. We hope that the Birmingham club gets as much benefit and pleasure from having a kindred organization functioning along the lines of Rotary as the Bessemer club does. Luck to them!"

International Meeting Every Three Months

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.—Lively chatter in both English and Spanish; songs—"America," the New Mexico State song, the Mexican national anthem. Much information about relatives on both sides of the border, about places visited. Scene: the dining-room where Las Cruces Rotarians are entertaining some forty Rotarians and Rotary Anns of Juarez together with a few local Kiwanians. The occasion: a return visit, made in response to the excursion of a small party of Las Cruces Rotarians who recently attended an evening meeting at Juarez. The result? It is agreed that the Juarez club shall have a "ladies night" for delegations from El Paso, Texas, and Las Cruces—that hereafter an international gathering shall be held every three months.

150 Join In Historical Tour

PENN YAN, NEW YORK.—Scouts and boy bandsmen formed a large section of the hikers on the second historical tour of Yates County, but invitations were extended for all other boys, girls, and adults who cared to pack a lunch and come along. The points visited included the birthplace of the famous orator, Robert Ingersoll, at Dresden; the site of an early Universal Friend settlement; the Scout camp; and the site of the last Iroquois village in this section. Dr. Earl A. Bates, a member of the Seneca tribe and a professor in the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, spoke at each of these historic points and explained their significance in county history. Four Seneca Indians from the Onondaga reservation accompanied the party, the painted braves adding to the interest of the trip by demonstrating some of their dances. About 150 persons went on this tour, and Penn Yan Rotarians, who planned the trip recommend that other clubs cooperate with their local historians to arrange similar events.

Beyond the Bend

THE river's bend; the bend of a stream unknown to the canoeist adventurer in a wild country—what is beyond it? What can hold for him more fascination, more pleasure, more mystery, than such a bend in such a country? Paddling quietly down along the shadowy silent shore, he keenly anticipates the unknown scene, beyond the bend!

Below that turn, new adventures, views, difficulties or pleasures await him. He knows not which will greet him, but he is alert, and the alert man discerns obscure and fleeting objects of interest, or discovers and overcomes obstacles before it is too late. His eyes and ears are keenly active; his brain is receptive of the sights and sounds they transmit to it; his heart sympathetically records the visions implanted upon his mind.

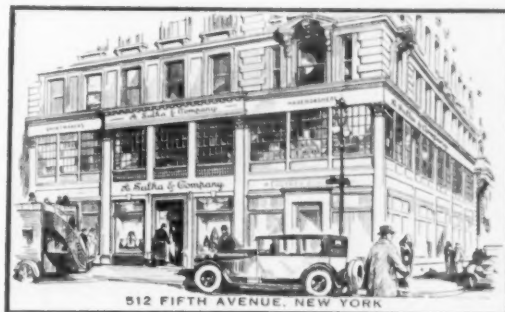
Below previous bends he has seen: deer swiftly swimming across the silent stream; the otter family playfully sliding down their slippery slides, precipitously plunging into the water below; deliberate porcupines deftly balanced on a partially submerged windfall, delving their dripping paws into the water and dragging up their feast of green grasses; sleek mink slyly stealing upon their unsuspecting prey; busy beavers repairing brushy dams or piloting their tow of branches, the winter food supply, toward their labyrinthed lodges; and multitudinous other exhilarating, natural sights.

Numerous times he has encountered rapids; some of them small and easily ridden, others treacherous, wild, green white seething slides of rushing water, over even still more treacherous boulders which have conspired to make difficult if not disastrous, his passage over them. Many times he has deemed it necessary to portage his canoe and luggage around especially dangerous rapids. These portages, over thickly timbered, log strewn, rocky ground cautiously concealed by slippery green mosses, have entailed labor, hard labor, much more strenuous than riding the swift waterway, yet infinitely less precarious.

There is a river upon which every man must embark. That river has many bends and many rapids. Beyond each bend new pleasures and adversities await him. If he be alert, he will observe much and profit more. If he attempts to make the journey with unseeing eyes and an unfeeling heart, God be with him if he to avoid a portage, allows himself to be carried along in the powerful, unswerving current to the brink of the rapid, amongst whose angry waters and rocks he will be catapulted!

The journey is a long one, but intensely fascinating, for there's always something new—Beyond the Bend!

—ALAN K. SCHMIDT.



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STEVENS HOTEL

Talking It Over

(Continued from page 26)

International and they are based on the experience of our predecessors, who have lived and contributed to the gradual evolution of Rotary.

In our sub-committees likewise have we this opportunity for service. We should not only consider what we must absolutely do, but all we can do. Some of these committees, such as Classification and Membership, are largely of administrative character, but even then must we bear in mind how best we can serve the interests of our club and Rotary as a whole.

In other sub-committees like Fellowship there is a wider scope for service, and to do effective work we should keep in touch with what has been accomplished by other clubs and what they are doing today, strengthened by study of the Rotary literature and a weighing of the suggestions made by our district governors.

These objects can only be carried out if we study them purely from the point of view of the service we can render. In Rotary Education there may be manifold ways, by which we can inculcate to the new-born Rotarians which join the various clubs, what Rotary really is, its origin, its gradual development, its evolution, its present status; what could be done to enforce it locally, nationally. These various ways should be tried, and not on basis of tradition or prejudice simply be shelved. We are too easily inclined to say "impossible."

When Business Methods is rightly understood, we should in all sincerity put the question to ourselves: Are all business methods in our special line as good as they could be? Can they not be improved? Certainly all will have to answer "No" to the first question and "Yes" to the second. Then why should we not set our shoulder to the wheel and see what can be accomplished to improve conditions in the general interest.

Thus also is it with "Community Service" and "Social Work." We think that what is possible in one country, would not go in our own community, for varied reasons, and thus we raise obstacles. All well and good, thus it may seem, but certainly there are some activities in welfare work for the communities which are not yet sufficiently covered, or there would not be so much suffering, both material, physical, and moral. Let us realize that if we want really to "serve," there is ample scope, but it is up to us to begin by studying in all earnest where and how best we can serve.

The harvest is plentiful, but the

reapers are few. It is reapers Rotary wants, men who are ready to study and to put into practice, Service in the home, in business, in every sphere of thought and action.

Let us realize always that what benefits one benefits all and then we shall also better understand that the second part of the Rotary motto "He who serves best, benefits most" is not egotistical, but expresses an immutable law.

L. E. STEINMANN,

President of the Rotary Club of Antwerp, Belgium.

Why I Stay in Rotary

I AM a member of a Rotary club and have been for some eight years. Whether I am a Rotarian or not would depend on the viewpoint. I don't subscribe to many of the present-day Rotary conclusions. I doubt if Rotary has a chance to reform the world in general—to affect directly business ethics to any great extent—to have any great effect one way or the other on any of the movements in the world today. I think much of the activity in Rotary is stupid, time-wasting platitudes. Rarely do I attend a meeting that is really worth while in my own club or elsewhere. The main objective of the district conferences I have attended is apparently self-glorification. I have just returned from one of these—the usual two days and nights of programs, luncheons, speech-making and recreation—out of which I heard just one worthwhile speech, where the speaker paid no attention at all to the subject announced for him, but gave us something worth while from his own thought. I think back over our club meetings—attempts to cram into one luncheon hour organized thought and organized diversion together with an unpalatable luncheon. Rotary luncheons seem to be the worst meals in the world. How many times have I heard a fellow-sufferer utter a cry of anguish—"oh for a glass of milk and a couple of good sandwiches!" But no, it's organized food! So many courses and so much service—and the agency supplying the food, whether it be the chamber of commerce, or hotel, or restaurant must figure so much profit per person. System and food in quantity served to a luncheon group invariably equals indigestion! Then after the unpalatable food usually comes a dull oratorical effort, interspersed with questionable witticisms, and preceded or followed by amateur vocalization! Such is the picture of the average Rotary luncheon—now and then a worth-while talk or

song stands out like a silver birch in the twilight against a background of sombre evergreens. Perhaps I am painting too dark a picture—certainly the majority of Rotarians wouldn't agree with me—although a considerable percentage of thinking Rotarians would!

Certainly the Rotary club in the town or small city is as true a cross-section of the life of the community as can be found—a typical average city group—as a whole willing to be made the victims of organized program persecution, with little opportunity or desire for variation, allowing themselves to be lead conventionally along certain lines and in certain channels like a flock of sheep, now and again an individual outcry quickly suppressed, not unfeelingly, but for the good of the cause or for lack of time for consideration. The controllers of club movement are usually the conventionalists because the dissenters are individualists who are quite unwilling to step into harness, and if they did, would probably be impotent to change the group reaction.

Why, you may well ask at this stage, do you stay in your Rotary club—it must be easy to resign? I have often asked myself that question—why do I consume food that my stomach does not enjoy and become bored with programs that as a rule neither entertain nor please. Not from any belief that the organized activities of Rotary are indispensable in an already over-organized world. No one can gainsay that Rotary clubs the world over have initiated and been identified with many worth-while movements, and have demonstrated their ability to function in charitable and social ways to good advantage. Yet it is a moot question whether other and previously existing agencies might not have accomplished the same results had Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Civitan, etc., been non-existent. In some quarters there is the feeling that chambers of commerce and boards of trade have been rendered less efficient and less active on account of the luncheon clubs which have sprung up in every community. If we take the viewpoint of some that the "boosting" of the commercial organizations of the past decade has been meaningless, Rotary cutting in on these organizations may not have been an unmixed evil! If a Rotary group sponsors a Boy Scout Camp, it relieves other organizations of that necessity. So while we must admit that wholesome activities have resulted from Rotary groups, yet we cannot be so sure that accomplishment would have been

otherwise so impossible as to give Rotary a charter of necessity on the basis of results achieved. Then you may ask, if you, a Rotarian, cannot justify your organization as the basis of group results achieved, what can be your object in holding membership?

Stripped of all subterfuge and reduced to basic facts, I hold and enjoy my Rotary membership purely on the ground of personal contact with fellow-men whom I enjoy seeing and talking to once a week. Unlike the once (but no more) masculine barber-shop, women cannot gain admission and masculine contact alone for an hour a week is assured. Rarely do I attend a luncheon that I do not enjoy exchanging thoughts with a companionable Rotarian in my club or elsewhere, and it is these casual meetings with men whom I otherwise might not see that I consider worth the sacrifice of time and effort involved. We are not tied together nor concerned with ties of church, lodge, or business. We are simply meeting to eat and learn more about each other, and through this companionship to gain in acquaintance and knowledge of each other's lives and activities. I submit that this is worth while, and despite the fact that all sorts of causes, worthy and otherwise, attempt and often succeed in making Rotary a vehicle of transportation, we are builded on the basic pillar of mutual acquaintance and understanding without binding ties or creeds, with a guarantee against entangling alliances.

Because I believe that many Rotary officials and clubs have come to emphasize results that follow mutual acquaintanceship and understanding rather than the Rotary foundation itself, just so far do I sympathize with the viewpoint that led Mencken to scourge the Rotary organization; and to hope that his conclusion may lead to a closer examination by each Rotarian of the underlying basis of his own club's activities.

Out of this companionship of men I have seen some very remarkable results. I have witnessed men who were selfish and self-centered gradually develop under the stimulus of Rotary acquaint-

anceship and activity into individuals of more value to society, simply because they literally found themselves in the society of a group of men. From this, I take the viewpoint that Rotary's principal justification from the standpoint of public interest is the fact that its contacts tend to develop a better and more useful citizen; more willing and able than before to assume his share of civic responsibilities. Rotary should not be judged on what it does or leaves undone, but on the undoubted stimulus it gives its members to a greater part in community effort. If it fails to stimulate the civic consciousness of a member, that member has not grasped the principles of Rotary and ought to make way for some one who will.

The worst thing about Rotary as I see it is the necessity for its being an organization. Organizations gradually become cumbersome and usually develop an excess of red tape or overzealousness along the lines of expansion; or some other evil! Our World is too well organized for War, for Peace, for Religion, for politics, for business, and for social activities. Organized societies of one sort or another are endless. It is conceivable that the organization can become too cumbersome for Rotary to support—in which case it will die of over-weight—the pressure of organization killing out the Rotary idea. Let us hope not, because the idea is a good one.

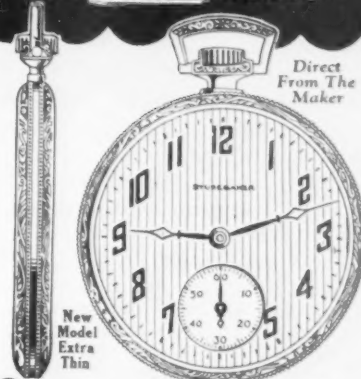
You critics of Rotary keep on criticizing—it will cause us pain and discomfort, but is bound to do us good! Bear in mind that the basic reason for our being is enjoyment of each other's company, not for what we as a group can do. Judge us not for our group activities, but for the gain we, as individual Rotarians, may have derived from companionship, without thought of creed or politics, with other Rotarians, and our ability to translate our personal gain into the making of our community life more beautiful and more worth while.

E. S. DRAPER.

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Renunciation

(Continued from page 17)

father lost his money before he died and here was the third generation Billy back again in his shirt-sleeves, so to speak. . . .

"That Ames fellow seems to come to the house quite a lot," observed Fred Thomas to his daughter.

It was late afternoon of New Year's Day. Fred Thomas' eyes were muddy and his powerful thick-set frame had a sag to it. He seemed depressed, lonely, restive. Of course, he had been drinking too much over the holidays, but that could not account entirely for the desperate poverty of spirit possessing him. Aunt Mercy was off gadding somewhere and they had the spacious, silent living-room to themselves. It was a typical, ghastly, desolate afternoon of New Year's Day wherein the culminated holiday festivities had staled on body and soul.

"You don't see Arthur Griggs much these days, do you?" reflected Fred Thomas, hitching around in his chair. "I always liked him."

"Oh, I see Arthur occasionally," yawned Mary. "He knows where I live and the 'phone number and everything."

"Understand this Ames fellow writes advertisements for a big concern in New York," said Fred Thomas, with a side-swiping inflection. "H'm—for some reason or other I just don't tie to this advertising business. Very vague—here today and gone tomorrow." Fred Thomas paused—a faint implication that Billy Ames was some sort of a commercial porch-climber. "Oh, I know people spend millions on it. But is it sound in the long run?"

In that last question spoke the Thomas blood. Fred Thomas could trace the blood back to the American Revolution. It was all agricultural, land-owning, and dickering blood. No manufacturing or merchandising in it. Land-mortgages—and, in later years, of course, insurance. Soil and the finances of the soil. Soil was the red corpuscles in the Thomas arteries and the pulse as well.

You can follow back the Thomas line and find that these Thomases were never poor—not exactly wealthy in spots—but never poor. How could they believe in anything else but land, the real property, the tangible of tangibles? Fred Thomas himself maintained a tremendous farm near Pompton Lakes. A banner flying the Thomas faith, you might call it. A self-supporting spread of acreage, moreover.

"Praise be!" sang Mary to herself suddenly.

She had caught a glimpse of the Kilbourne's coupé turning into the drive. Mary loved the Kilbourne's. The Kil-

bourne's loved Mary. But Mary had loved nothing the Kilbourne's ever did so much as this psychological interruption right now.

Not that Mary fooled herself at all about her father's brief and unfinished remarks. He was a man of articulate silences—and she knew that the things he hadn't said about Billy Ames were not any too good.

The Kilbourne's came in and tossed a lot of fresh wood on the conversational fire. Life brightened. Presently the War was mentioned. The way things were looking it was no longer a question of the United States going in. The question had narrowed down to: "When?"

* * * * *
WAR was drawing nearer and nearer to the nation—a tightening suspense was taking hold of the nerves. Every day the inevitable time came closer. Any day now might be the day—any hour, the hour.

With the turn of April the hour arrived.

The Kilbournes, following their usual custom, went into New York to spend a few weeks, stopping at the Plaza. At the suggestion of Anne Kilbourne, who offered her chaperonage in exchange for companionship, Mary Thomas joined them for a week, sharing their suite and the eager excitements of shopping, lunches, dinners, and theaters.

Mary and Billy Ames were at the Opera on the night of the President's message to Congress. She was curious to hear the American work "The Canterbury Pilgrims"—and the obliging and unoperative Billy took her.

It was between the third and fourth acts that the sense of something unusual began to flutter through the audience. Newspapers—war extras—brought in by those who had strolled out for the *entr'acte* were beginning to appear throughout the auditorium. People were reading over other people's shoulders. The newspapers were being passed from one to another. "War"—"President"—"War"—"President"—went from tongue to tongue until every soul within those four walls was ignited with the fact that the United States of America had cast its man-power, money-power, and belief of right on the side of the Allies.

Only two hours before the President had said: "I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made" . . .

The orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner." As Mary Thomas and Billy Ames stood up with the entire audience surging to its feet, Mary's

hand reached for the hand of Billy Ames and clasped it. Her voice broke forth into the song.

But Billy was silent, clinging to the warm, firm hand with a strange bewilderment, comfort, and elation.

... "and the home of the brave" concluded the national anthem.

Then Ambassador Gerard stepped to the front of his box and asked for cheers for the President of the United States. Then there were cheers for the Allies—for the Army—for the Navy.

Now it was Billy who gave his voice and Mary who was silent. She pressed his hard, lean, muscular hand and it was cold.

They sat down. The performance proceeded. Margaret Ober, the German contralto, fainted on the stage. The opera limped to a close.

Now Mary and Billy were milled out to the Broadway entrance. Newsboys were bawling extras and selling them as fast as they could slip them from under their arms. Billy grabbed two, passed one to Mary—and was gone. She caught a glimpse of him scuttling up and down the sidewalk for a taxi. Back he came for an attentive word—was gone again. Then a triumphant beckon to Mary. Got one. In they scrambled. Off they went in a grind of gears.

Up Broadway. Flag vendors already doing business. Hundreds of people with flags—waving them, shouting, cheering, marching in a scrambled way.

Again their hands were resting within each other—and the war-emotion was lifting and tossing all their other emotions to surface. Vows were made; hurried, crying words uttered, solemn, binding words beyond withdrawal.

Mary took her hands from Billy Ames and clasped them to his face—that nimble-spirited little face now so serious and seeking her in the half-dark. Then she kissed him, not timidly, not boldly, but with all the resolute candor of her feeling. One of her arms fell to his shoulder, pressing him.

He patted her cheek, then put his lips to it. It was cool and smooth—and became one of his most acute lingering memories many a time afterwards.

At the Plaza the Kilbournes were waiting in the lobby.

"Party," declared Bart Kilbourne. "I'm going to have a party. Hurry up!"

In their rooms Bart Kilbourne got a waiter and ordered supper, champagne, and flags.

"Must have flags," said Bart. He was a fat man and paced the floor with the light, bounding step some fat men

acquire. "Hurray!" cheered Bart. "Hurray—we're in!"

His wife, a keen, blondish woman with sharp but pleasant features sat on a sofa thoughtfully. She didn't mind Bart's cheering, but she just didn't feel that way herself.

When the waiter came he brought flags—sure enough, probably left over from a banquet somebody had the week before. Bart Kilbourne stuck the flags around wherever he could find places.

Then the four stood at the table and drank to a quick end of the war and victory for American arms. Big tears came into Mary Thomas' eyes. She went to Billy's side and kissed him again.

"You dear, dear Mary," murmured Billy and patted her hair and turned red.

A funny look came over Bart Kilbourne's face. It said to his wife as plain as day: "What will Fred Thomas think of *this*?"

III

IF Mrs. Monty de Groot hadn't broken one of her orthopedic shoe strings this story would have been much different. . . .

It was early in June. Billy had chucked over his usual Saturday afternoon foursome in favor of playing with Mary. The course was crowded, for women were permitted to play after 3 o'clock Saturdays, and the incomparable day had brought out a majority. Mary and Billy were waiting off the 7th green while Mrs. de Groot and a Miss Macomber putted all over and around the cup.

Finally the green cleared and the twosome disappeared into the wooded path which leads from the 7th green to the 8th tee. After Mary and Billy had holed out and Billy walked off the green marking his card, Mary paused, extracted a cigarette from her case, lit it and then caught up with him slipping her arm through his. Then they entered the path leading to the next tee.

Half way along they heard voices and presently came across Mrs. de Groot and Miss Macomber. Mrs. de Groot had broken one of her shoe-strings and was bending over trying to piece it together, keeping up a fire of chatter all the while. Miss Macomber politely asked them to go through. Mrs. de Groot looked up and bowed coolly into a cloud of Mary's cigarette smoke.

At the tee Mary ground her cigarette under foot and, with a pinch of wet sand in her fingers, came over to Billy and said she guessed she was in for something. *Very much* in for something. She said she had completely forgotten about the smoking rule—she was so happy.

That evening Mary and Billy dined at the Kilbournes. Afterwards Billy and Anne Kilbourne went out on the

porch and from there stepped out on the lawn. Billy liked to talk to Anne Kilbourne—the beautiful night prompted him to talk to her now.

There was a sense of life-sap in bough, twig, leaf, and grass-blade—luscious and abounding. The air was soft and a bit weighty. A lovely meaning distilled itself from the growing things into human desires. Billy said Mary's love for him was like the stars overhead; remote and intimate, both; and quiet, alive, and queer! Then the War crept into their talk.

Life was converting itself into another set of symbols—flags, parades, uniforms. Newspapers had changed: now they were all munitions, manpower, convoys, Army, Navy and War-finance. Music had changed: the plaintive marching song, "The Long, Long Trail," had seeded its rhythms into every heart and head; the beloved song-and-dance man, George M. Cohan, had just written his rousing and immortal, "Over There," and released the inarticulate emotions of his whole country; there were new glories in "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Ordinary talk had changed. Inner and sacred self-communions were changing, too, in the breasts of millions of young men.

Billy said he would probably enlist in the autumn. No, he wasn't going to try to get into an Officer's Training Camp. He didn't particularly care about a commission—didn't feel any officer's stuff in himself.

But there was something bothering Mr. William Ames even more than the War. He spoke frankly to Anne Kilbourne about that, too. He had come to the conclusion that Fred Thomas didn't like him very much. What could you do if a man didn't like you? It made you so defenceless. Billy was puzzled rather than resentful.

On the following Thursday evening Bart Kilbourne showed up at the Thomases with the air of a man who would just as soon have been somewhere else. He was a committee of one—a negotiator in the dual capacity of friend and club-governor—come to deal officially with the First Flapper of Pemberly Hills on the matter of her breaking the rule about smoking. Mary had already been notified *unofficially* when one of her loyal friends had 'phoned her and given her a prerelease of all the buzz and rumpus.

Bart found Mary lolling in Aunt Mercy's very choice wing-chair with claw-and-ball feet, period of about 1750. Mary peeked at Bart around one of the wings and said: "Hello there, I've been expecting you."

Bart shook his fist at her. Mary

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blinked back at him with a sort of fond malice.

"Why the devil can't you keep your cigarettes out of the club?" said Bart. "I forgot."

"Forgot! Do you mean to tell me—"

"Yes, I do, my dear Hobart Kilbourne. I know it's ridiculous, but that's the truth. Going along in absent-minded way—very happy—lit one before I knew it."

"Well, I'm supposed to reprimand you. Father home?"

"No. He's at the Farm. Go ahead and reprimand. I suppose a letter of apology would go nice, too, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, the governors would appreciate it."

As Bart sat down and started to prepare the end of a cigar Mary stood up. A hard glint came into her eyes and her good-natured tone was gone when she spoke again: "I'm going to write my apology—and my resignation along with it."

In spite of herself her hurt began to show. The jaw set, but the chin quivered.

"You know you haven't told me the whole racket," she accused. "And I don't blame you. You're ashamed of it."

"I've some good friends in the club—they told me. It isn't only the smoking those rat-trap minded women complained about. They said I was hugging Billy Ames. Hugging! Think of it. The insinuation my conduct isn't decent. That is a lie—and a mean, deliberate, and vicious lie."

Bart didn't deny it.

"Please stand up," she went on, "and I'll show you." She slipped her hand through Bart's arm. "Now—as we came off the 7th green this is what I did." She squeezed his arm a trifle. "Then that's exactly the way it was as we walked down the path. And that's all—positively all."

"Why of course it was all," Bart conciliated. "I know it, Mary. Let's not work this mole-hill into a mountain. Just write your pretty little note to the august and worried governors and in twenty-four hours the whole thing'll blow over—pooh! just like that."

"The mole-hill idea is no go with me," blazed Mary. "What's one person's mole-hill is another person's mountain. This is my mountain and I'm going to act accordingly."

Mary never pulled down her colors.

After Bart Kilbourne's nettled departure she went to her room and penned a dignified apology to the club governors which included her resignation. She also composed a news item for the local paper in which Aunt Mercy Thomas announced the engagement of her niece, Mary Ferns Thomas to William Avery Ames, of Indianapolis and New York. Thus giving public

notice that if a young lady wished to take her fiance's arm while strolling down a path on a golf course it was nobody's business.

IV

EVERY family develops crises which leave so deep an imprint that they become heirlooms of the memory. Aunt Mercy was eye-witness to such a crisis. Or, more precisely, ear-witness.

She had crept out of her bedroom and, in negligé and hair in braid, was sitting half way up on the staircase which led from the hall to the upper floor. Below, in the living-room, Fred Thomas and Mary were "having it out." The hall-clock was inching toward twelve.

It was the night after Bart Kilbourne's visit to Mary. The local paper had published the announcement of Mary's engagement and in some manner or other the news had been relayed to Fred Thomas at the Farm. The chauffeur had gone off on an errand with the Packard, so Fred Thomas grabbed the farm Ford, and, driving it himself, arrived full of wrath and a badly digested dinner.

Rumble, rumble, rumble, went Fred's voice. Then in crescendo Aunt Mercy caught "—the woods are full of young whelps trying to marry money."

"He's quite able to support me."

"If you make your own beds, cook your own meals, wash your own dishes, and change your own baby's diapers."

It was not only what Fred Thomas said that made Aunt Mercy "scringe." It was the tone—the ugly inflection of the Thomas temper, violent and a-wash. Mary's words were still even and cool—icy.

"I have my own money from Mother. I shall probably use it for hiring some one to make beds and attend to the other *et ceteras* you mention."

Aunt Mercy on the stairs nodded emphatically to herself. She'd *always* said Fanny Thomas made a big mistake to leave all that money outright to Mary and no strings on it. 'Twasn't safe to do it.

Now, below, a bitter silence ensued. Aunt Mercy was no coward, but the portentous quiet made her "scringe" most of all. She could feel the Thomas blood at grapple with itself—the calm, even-measured accrual of Mary's love for Billy giving challenge to the calm, even-measured accrual of her father's opposition. . . .

Suddenly Fred Thomas gave utterance to something that went through Aunt Mercy like a knife.

She stood up—sank back again on the stair, trying to form some protest, some sentence to obliterate what she had heard.

Fred Thomas bolted out of the living-room, empty high-ball glass in hand—

evidently making for the dining room to replenish his drink. He caught glimpse of Aunt Mercy.

"What good d'you think you're doing sitting there?" he asked. "Why didn't you stop this thing in the first place?"

"You don't seem to be so successful at it yourself," Aunt Mercy snapped weakly. "And let me tell you this Fred Thomas: I'd have cut my throat before I'd said what you just said to that girl."

When her father returned, he found Mary in the hall leaning against the newel-post, awaiting him.

"I assume you mean what you said," she remarked, quietly, looking at her father squarely, "because you always do. You tell me to take my choice between staying here and marrying Billy. That is using the most contemptible weapon one human being can use on another. You slug me over the head with my own love for you or your love for me—whichever way you wish to put it. Really a love we created together—a devotion I did as much to build up as you did—especially since Mother died. I won't be beaten into submission with that kind of bludgeon. It's unfair."

The next afternoon Miss Mary Thomas with three suit-cases, two hat-boxes, one golf-bag and two trunks registered at the Hotel Plaza. Here she wrote her father a note saying that in spite of their differences she had no wish for him to worry as to her plans and whereabouts. She would lease a small, suitable apartment, remaining at the Plaza until she found one. Mary also reminded him that she was no love-sick female acting on impulse, for it wasn't necessary to leave the old home-stead and move to New York in order to marry Billy Ames. She could still stay home and then run off some night and get married by a five-dollar Justice-of-the-peace.

Billy received the news of the breach in the Thomas family with an emotion combined of guilt and delight. Then as he and Mary discussed the situation Billy finally concluded that he was called upon to go to Fred Thomas and patch things together again.

After several futile attempts he cornered Fred Thomas in his Newark office—a crow's nest affair with a table, a few chairs and a roll-top desk stuffed with pigeon-holed papers many of which probably dated back to the Cleveland administration.

Fred Thomas addressed Billy as "Ames" in the same clipped tone he might use in calling Swenson "Swenson" at the Farm. Billy told Mr. Thomas he had made a great mistake. There was no reason for matters to come to a head in this fashion, because Billy was going to enlist and meanwhile Mary might as well remain at home pending the outcome of what the War did to Billy. A man is liable to get killed—you never can tell. In that

event there wouldn't be any more trouble between Mary and her father. Therefore Mary should stay with her father same as usual and wait and see what happened.

Billy's talk was received with two or three non-committal grunts and a positive "Not interested." Billy thought he had presented the facts in a very practical light and Fred Thomas thought no one except a pin-head could have dished up such a line of appeal.

V

IN October Billy had enlisted and was in camp. Mary motored down to see him twice—but after the second time couldn't stand any more of it, she said. Billy's uniform didn't fit him very well—it gave him the dim suggestion of having escaped from an accustomed perch on top of a hand-organ—and provoked a secret, silent wave of laughter in Mary. But the laugh soon transformed itself into a vague horror. In this grotesqueness there was a feeling of death. As if THEY (THEY meaning the anonymous and absolute lords of the war-machine) had wrapped Billy's nimble little spirit in this pitiful suit to take him out and shoot him.

So Mary and Billy lived on frequent letters and an occasional day's leave when Billy would come to New York and have dinner in the seclusion of Mary's apartment. On these rare days the War didn't seem to be so fearful.

As between herself and her father Mary was gritting it through. Fred Thomas likewise. Now and then Aunt Mercy would make a feeble flutter at a reconciliation which never came to anything. Aunt Mercy's tangible contributions to the situation summed themselves up in the gift of a fine walnut low-boy for Mary's living-room; a mahogany serpentine chest of drawers for her bedroom and a fragment of philosophy about romantic love getting mixed in with family love always makes a living hell-on-earth. For reasons Aunt Mercy never could see.

Meanwhile Mary did war-work with a vengeance. Not entirely from patriotic ardor—somewhat from loneliness. There were moments when the undertow of family love and loyalty, so strong in the Thomas nature, was almost too much for her. She overcame it in a Red Cross loft filled with a hundred other women making surgical dressings; or going up and down a theater aisle with a basket gathering Red Cross funds.

By February or March, 1918, Billy's unit had sailed and there was no more Billy.

They (the anonymous and absolute lords of the war-machine) took a man to war by easy, calculating, and relentless stages. Billy went to England and paraded through the streets of London.

Then to the American base at St. Lazaire. Then the mutations of training gradually brought him into the trenches of a quiet sector where the first baptism of actual warfare awaited, as well as the lice and rats and mud.

Death was on exhibition here and in the night-raids one learned to shed the scruples of civilization and peace and dissolve into a vicious, fighting, killing animal. That is, as much as one could—it was according to your nature. To Billy Ames it was a crucifixion—a crucifixion in other men's blood. He was as fearless as any, but by no device of resolve or philosophy, or feigned in-

difference could he de-personalize himself from the groanings and gruntings of Death, the absurd and pitiable postures of corpses, the unseeing eyes and the gaping mouths of men who weren't men any more—who once had been men made in the image of God and now were only pierced or shattered Things.

There were times, after some raiding engagement that was a bit stiffer than ordinary, when Billy would vomit and feel weak and depressed for hours. Long before he went into the Argonne his grin—the trade-mark of his staunch little soul—had left him.

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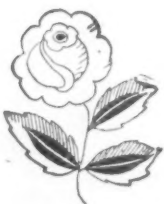
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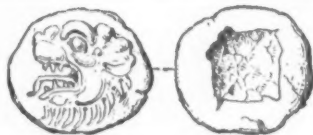
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ber, Billy was numbered among the troops drawn together for the Argonne campaign. Within a few days he was three miles deep in the Argonne Forest and the Germans were blasting away with violent counter-attack. It was rough country—a terrain of rocks, gullies, bush and small growth, ideal planting ground for nests of machine-guns and ambush. In the pre-dawn mists it was difficult—almost impossible—to see what you were running into.

That's how Billy's buddy got his—a spray of bullets out of a clump of bush not sixty yards ahead—took him in the leg. He crumpled over lop-sided, rolled his eyes at Billy, and cursed. Then he tried to get up again, found he could not make it, and plumped over on his belly instinctively. Billy, too, *pronto!* Then for some reason or other the threatening rhythm from the machine-gun stopped. The wounded man raised his head tentatively and said he guessed the blankety-blank gun had jammed.

Billy had a great attachment for this fellow. He called him "Oswego." "Oswego" came from upstate New York in the apple country. He had big feet, tremendous hands, and a mouth which opened genially like an old slipper, revealing a gold tooth.

A few yards to the rear of the pair was a shallow, gravelly gully which Billy figured would be the best place for "Oswego" and Billy told "Oswego" they would right about face on their bellies and crawl a yard or two until they could get behind some screening growth, then maybe Billy could be "Oswego's" right leg and he could stand up. They managed to reach a cluster of saplings and these were good for "Oswego" to get hold of and drag himself up on one foot. The bad leg dangled and "Oswego" was breathing heavily from pain. The pallor underneath his weather-beaten skin matched the sickly light of daybreak.

BILLY got his skinny shoulder braced under "Oswego's" armpit and with their arms around each other they started a slow shuffle for the gully. Meanwhile the German shells were going over and it seemed to Billy that the range was getting too narrow for comfort. He struggled along with "Oswego" and after a few minutes they reached the incline of the gully. The slant was wet and tricky. "Oswego's" leg crumpled—Billy staggered under the heft of "Oswego's" lurching frame. Then there was a sudden whine—so near it made your skin prickle! A drawnout thump—a nauseating shudder of earth—and the whole gully heaved up its rocks and mud. Together "Oswego" and Billy were spun around and hurled into no place in particular. In but an instant Billy's brain was blackened out of the world.

Hours later two vague Somebody's of a patrol dragged the semi-conscious Billy from under the terribly dead "Oswego." After another instinct flight of time, pointed with dim memory—shadows of the field dressing-station and the rough motion of an ambulance, Billy was placed on a shelf in a box-car with a tag on him: "SURGEON-IN-COMMAND—SEE FIRST! DO NOT HANDLE!"

At the hospital base at Allerey there was an immediate amputation of Billy's left arm—and soon he was transferred from the surgical unit to the convalescent camp. Thus ended the actual participation of William Avery Ames in the World War; save for some remaining technicalities which would fade him out of the Army, deposit him on his native soil, and stand him before the peaceful gates of his old civilian life.

For Billy the gates swung open not upon peace and refuge—but upon vistas of doubt, anxiety, and renunciation. He would come, bringing not his own self, but another man—a maimed man. An arm gone was not so bad. But a *mind* sick with shock and trodden with endless thinking, thinking, thinking was another matter.

In the convalescent camp at Allerey a fear began to stalk him. It kept whispering to him that he couldn't go back to his old desk and really work; it kept insinuating that he would revolt against piecing words together at his old job in the advertising agency. That his brain would rebel against it just as, at times, his stomach rebelled against food. Why? He didn't know exactly. It was a powerful and treacherous emotion fastened on him—a force more gripping than if it had its source in reason.

The day would come when he would march to the railroad station escorted by a band—a splendid and stirring send-off home! It was the day of dread!

Three of Mary's letters searched him out at Allerey. He carried them around in his pocket and read them to tatters. He could not answer them, for he could not bring himself to the resolve of writing what his conscience told him to write. It would hurt Mary more than his heart would allow him to hurt her.

So he wrote to Anne Kilbourne instead. Probably never in her life had Anne Kilbourne ever received such a letter—or anything similar to it in human expression. In its clarity, its precision, its beauty of interpretation there was the calm, re-worked agony of a heart which had shaped a decision to its finest point. It must have been written over and over again.

A documentary honesty swept away all counter-arguments; it was stamped with the seal of a man's deepest word

the man was now an inadequate man—the man he was no longer the man Mary had so generously bargained for. He had only given Mary her release; he had not released the common pain of seeing each other again be spared them both.

To Anne Kilbourne the letter was a glimpse of the toll modern warfare takes of the minds of men—the holy desperation of a spirit suddenly jerked at a tangent from its treasured hopes of life.

The very next morning Anne Kilbourne took the letter to New York and gave it to Mary Thomas. Mary read it, tried to speak—her voice broke and failed. She paced the floor, stroking the letter and muttering: "The damn War—the damn War!" Anne Kilbourne kept silent.

Finally the tears came, softening the blaze of her big, gray eyes. And these tears washed away forever that young and mythological identity known as the First Flapper of Pemberly Hills.

"Well," said Mary, abruptly, "I suppose we ought to have some lunch. Let's go to Pierre's, shall we? It's a great comfort to have you here today, Anne, let me tell you."

VI

ARMISTICE DAY had come and gone in an outburst of tooting boat whistles, factory sirens; a storm of ticker-tape and waste paper thrown from the windows of office buildings; an orgy of wild relief in the restaurants and hotels. Billy Ames was in mid-Atlantic, homeward bound.

Cleared through the Army hospital unit at Grand Central Palace and honorably discharged from the military service of the United States, Billy got himself a room in a small hotel, two suits of clothes and—with great good luck!—he walked right into the old advertising agency and got his old job back with a rousing and sincere welcome.

For two or three days he was heartened, lifted by the excitement of being home, stirred by the false prospect of a speedy re-establishment. It was a mirage. It dimmed and vanished. As the pressure of duties closed in an inner panic seized him. He had been afraid he wouldn't be able to work. Now the fear became valid. What was the matter? He couldn't exactly tell. That eager love for writing things down on paper—for the provocative headline—the clever turn of phrase—the forceful, accumulated point—all of it had gone. Yet, not gone. Misplaced somewhere.

There were stretches in the day when his pencil would be wet from the cold sweat of his hands; the writing pad before him blank—or covered with crossed-out scribbles. He managed to complete a piece of copy now and then, but his production was thin—nothing

at all, practically, for a man of his fertile talent. "Oswego" still haunted his mind. And Mary! She would walk right into the middle of his thoughts, obliterating them—as if she were the one real object in the world. The ring of the 'phone cowed him, for when he lifted the receiver he feared he might hear her voice.

In two weeks Billy gave up. He went to the President of the agency and explained as well as he could. The President seemed to have a kindly comprehension. "But you must have some sort of a job," he said. "Perhaps a routine affair. Enough to keep you busy and interested; fill your day without too much push. I'll dig around if you'd like me to. Of course the money won't be there but it'll tide you along. You'll hear from me. We'll mail you a check for a couple of months' salary so you won't have to fret."

Shortly after New Year's the switch-board girl at the advertising agency plugged in on a 'phone call for Mr. Ames.

"Mr. Ames isn't connected with us anymore," she replied.

"Could you tell me where he is?" the voice on the 'phone inquired. "It—it is very important."

"I'm sorry but I——"

"Please—would you be so kind," the voice cut in, "so kind as to ask some of the officials there if they know. It is extremely urgent. I'll hold the wire."

Mr. Bart Kilbourne also received a 'phone call. It was Mary Thomas saying that Bart just had to meet her at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street at three o'clock. Then she began to rattle on about having nothing to do over Christmas but think. She had thought—and she had made up her mind. She knew where Billy was and she was going there to see him and talk some sense into him. She had to have a MAN with her, both for the looks of the thing and in case some moral support might be needed.

"Why don't you write him a letter?" hemmed and hawed Bart, who had no relish for being an accessory to this new scheme of Mary's.

"What good would that do?" argued Mary and glued herself brazenly to the squirming man on the other end of the telephone. "Three o'clock sharp—and I don't know how to thank you."

The reluctant Bart Kilbourne faithfully kept his appointment—although he knew Fred Thomas would never forgive him for it—and he and Mary headed down Chambers Street for the Duffy-Dodd Sporting Goods Company.

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Chambers Street, apportioned to a combination display and salesroom on the ground floor, executive offices on the second, stock on the other floors, shipping in the basement.

As soon as Bart and Mary stepped in from the street Bart found himself in a heaven of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, camp goods, sweaters, boots—a rush of he-man equipment which stirred in Bart a greedy impulse to buy a couple hundred dollars' worth. A big sign read: "NO GOODS SOLD AT RETAIL." Mary gave Bart a nudge.

"We'd like to see Mr. Ames, please," said Bart to a young fellow who was taking flashlights from the top of a glass case and putting them inside.

"Probably down in the shipping," the clerk replied. "Stairs over there."

Mary gave a little sigh of relief. She had feared a lot of formalities at the office and the consequent embarrassment. But Duffy-Dodd did business on a narrow margin and couldn't afford red tape.

They went downstairs into a dampish, none too well lighted space strewn with more assorted merchandise awaiting packing and shipment and punctuated by hammering on wooden cases. Across one side stretched a long wrapping bench where two or three youths were doing up bundles. At the street end sat Mike Connolly, a plump Irishman of fifty-odd with a cap over one ear and a harassed expression—the imprint of two decades of getting out the goods with cheap help that loafed and swiped stuff and made dumb mistakes.

When Mike saw Mary and Bart he heaved a sigh and leaving his two-by-four desk and a book of express receipts, came toward them.

"Yeah?" inquired Mike.

"We're looking for Mr. Ames," Bart explained.

"Hey, Amesey!" called Mike—then went back to his desk and sat down.

Presently, through an archway connecting with more of Duffy-Dodd's basement, came a figure, a thin drawn shadow of a being—"like a sparrow that'd been through a hard Winter," as Bart described him.

The sight of Mary stopped him in his tracks. In a daze he reached out for the hand Bart had extended him, his eyes never leaving the face of Mary Thomas.

"Oh, Billy," she said, softly.

The sound of her voice broke him. "No—no—no," he protested, shaking his head. Then his hand covered his face and he burst into a violent sobbing, while his body shivered with what seemed to be unaccountable fright.

Mike Connolly again heaved a sigh as he got up from his desk and strolled over to the group. The other employees began to edge into the scene.

"Whatsa matter?" asked Mike. "He

looks sick to me. . . . You guys chase yourselves away from here. . . . C'mon over'n sit down in my chair." And Mike led Billy to the much-privileged seat, where he slumped down with his head on Mike's desk.

Impulsively Mary dropped to her knees beside him, her hands reaching up, patting him and stroking the agonizing shoulders, her head snuggling closely to Billy's cheek—as if he were a wounded animal she was trying to comfort.

"He ain't never been right since he came here," remarked Mike to Bart. "He's nervous and queer. One day we was having an argument about good cookin' and I said my wife Mary could dish up a messa steak and onions would make angels sorry they was dead—and he just broke out crying like he is now. Would you believe it—just the mention o' steak and onions makes a guy cry. . . . Y'oughtta take him home, prob'ly."

"We are going to take him home," declared Mary, rising and lighting a cigarette.

Mike raised a pudgy hand of warning. "Hafta lay off them cigarettes, lady. We're in wrong wit' the Fire Department up to our neck now, on account they got so many rules this old-timer shack don't fit 'em. This dump was built before we bought New York off'n the Indians for 24 dollars."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Mary. "That's all right," returned Mike, gallantly. "Hey, one of you fellers over there wants to do sumpin bring Amesey's hat 'n' coat."

For a man who was in a state of semi-collapse, Billy did some vigorous protesting when he heard Mary give her own address to the taxi-driver. He maintained that he felt better now and could get along very well by himself. All he needed was to go home and get a good night's rest, although he secretly knew he hadn't slept for weeks and didn't feel that he would ever sleep again. Mary gave Bart a pleading look.

"See here," said Bart desperately. "Mary and I are going to take you to Mary's place and get a doctor. You might as well understand you need one and the sooner the better. You're all in."

VII

ONE late afternoon Fred Thomas came home and found an agitated Aunt Mercy lurking in the hall.

"Mary's here," she whispered, grabbing his sleeve the moment he had closed the door behind him.

"You don't say so? What's up?"

"Too complicated for me to tell now. Oh! Fred—you go easy with her, hear me? Don't jump at her. Be pleasant and reasonable. She's upstairs. Just

was to prepare you for—for—can't stay any longer."

Aunt Mercy whisked away and Fred Thomas was shedding his coat. Mary called from the top of the stairs: "Hi, Dad." The attempt to be casual and cheerful fell short. She wasn't up to it.

"Quite a surprise," her father answered.

She came down the stairs slowly, wondering whether to embrace him. Fond habit decided for her—and unconsciously she found herself giving her father a hug and a kiss. He received the welcome stolidly.

Dinner at the Thomas home progressed stiffly that evening. Aunt Mercy stealing anxious glances back and forth at Mary and her father.

It was not until the dessert that Mary referred to Billy Ames and then launched forthwith, quietly, determinedly into the details of his story. Aunt Mercy inwardly braced herself for Fred Thomas' response—but he listened silently, showing the cool detached politeness of a stranger rather than an interested parent.

And Mary ploughed on until she arrived at the final incident; the trip to her apartment; the removal of Billy to a hospital for observation and diagnosis; the doctor's final verdict, which was that Billy was organically sound, but a nervous wreck; suffering, among other things from "an exaggerated idea of chivalry and extreme apprehension" as the doctor phrased it. A decent period of good care—food, rest, and air would put him on his feet.

"I asked the doctor if a big, modern farm would be a good place for him," said Mary, looking sideways at Aunt Mercy, "and the doctor said 'Excellent!'"

Fred Thomas raised his head abruptly and met his daughter's gaze.

"I think I begin to see what she's driving at," he muttered, addressing Aunt Mercy. Aunt Mercy gave Mary an anxious smile, intended to be both encouraging and neutral.

In the living-room later Mary put this question to her father: "Do you think any nation has benefited in any way from the War?"

"No—oo, not particularly. Guess not."

"Just suppose," Mary continued, "that, when the War threatened, the nations had gotten together and said to each other; see here this War isn't going to be any good. Let's see if we can't prevent it. Let's show each other what we've really got in our heads that makes us think we ought to fight each other. Then suppose they said we'll give in to each other on certain things even if we don't like it and even if we don't see why we should. We'll not only disarm our troops; we'll *disarm our minds*."

"Now suppose that had happened. Don't you believe that whatever each one had given up—or *thought he'd given up*—would have come back in some form or other in the general working out of things?"

Fred Thomas gave the characteristic answer of a veteran real-estate trader: "Can't tell. Maybe."

"I think so," proclaimed Mary, warmly. "And I think that's the way things would work out with us if given the chance. . . . Oh! Dad, I don't want to fight any more. I'm sick—sick—sick in every part of me from it. I don't want to buy any happiness for myself at the cost of you and Aunt Mercy. Yet I can't let Billy go. I've had the chance to prove myself on that. Oh! there's a hundred things I could say, but I'm just too fagged to—to—"

She stopped and made a gesture of helplessness. Fred Thomas, elbows on his knees, head in hand, was studying his foot as he shifted it back and forth over the carpet.

"I can't agree with you, Mary," came his low, muffled tones. "I can't bring myself to your views. But—" He slanted one eye up at the clock on the mantel. "Have to be going along now. Sort of an engagement." He rose and started toward the hall. When his back was turned, Aunt Mercy nodded to Mary and her lips spelled out the word: "P-o-k-e-r."

"But," finished Fred Thomas, stepping into the room again, "I'm going to give into you for only one reason: it's because you ask it. There's one thing I can't get through my head, though. Why doesn't he go back to his own folks?"

"Well," replied Mary slowly, "he wants to—but I won't let him. I want him nearby. I can help him. No one understands Billy as I do, no one can give him so much hope of the future as I can. I am a very important person, Dad, as regards Billy getting well soon. I am even more important than he thinks I am. You trust me, Dad, and see."

Mary followed her father into the hall and helped him into his overcoat.

"Will you—would you mind giving me just some little message to give to Billy?" she asked. "He's so stubborn—stubborn like a—*a Thomas*. Just a word or two."

Fred Thomas' hand was on the door-knob.

"Tell him he'll be among friends here," said Fred Thomas, without looking around. And, having wrested these half dozen words from his tough, unwilling soul, he was gone.

VIII

Fred Thomas and Bart Kilbourne were standing on the front end of a ferry-boat pointing for New York. On Fred Thomas' face was that smile of

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shadowy, flickering humor familiar to those cronies who had sat with him around a poker table.

"Damned if I ain't having to get acquainted with Mary all over again," he said, his eyes chuckling more than his voice—chuckling at the sight of new-found horizons of human character. "Ever since the baby arrived and she cut out cigarettes—" Fred Thomas slapped Bart Kilbourne on the

back. "You ought to hear Mary talk about those young cigarette-smoking flappers, Bart. You and Anne come up to the Farm pretty soon now and I'll try to get her going. I swear you'll have to go out in the barn and laugh your head off."

"How's Billy getting on?" inquired Bart.

"Well," said Fred Thomas, "I'll tell you one thing: he'll never be a real-estate man. Takes Thomases to be real-

estate men. But he's as busy as a terrier in a barn full of rats. I think he's going to get us all the insurance business in the State of New Jersey."

The bump of the boat in the slip—the rattle and clank of chains—the scutter of commuters' feet—the backfire of motor trucks—the wooden reverberation of work-horses' feet—and the story of the first Flapper of Pembroly Hills was scattered to the four tumultuous winds of the World-City.

Your Boy and Mine

(Continued from page 7)

that seats three thousand and cost sixty thousand dollars. All for the exercise of perhaps ten basketball players. My home-town, Franklin, Indiana, is the "capitol of basketball." But it spends not a cent on the four hundred boys *who do not play!*

And how wonderful if I may know that when my lad reaches manhood with a record of clean-living that he can enter fatherhood with no regrets and with ideals lofty as the church steeples of my beautiful home-town.

Boys are animals. An animal sleeps and eats and sooner or later meets sex impulse. It is normal. It is *right*. But the wrong and perverted impulses are curbed most surely by hours of open-air play or indoor recreation.

Sometimes I tell boys about Nero. He fed every appetite. He had the luxuries of many feasts. He did not even starve for power. He could lift his stubby thumb and the fleets and armies of the world's most powerful country went out and compelled weaker nations to bow to him.

But he starved! His name became a by-word in every civilized nation—he *forgot to feed his soul*.

I was recently the guest of a splendid Rotary club. I was introduced to the toast-master for their ladies'-night dinner.

He was also chairman of the Boys' Work Committee—that funny committee in every club that is always planning surveys which die such a swift death. He talked to me about boys. Finally tears came to his eyes. He made me feel mighty sober. But when we left his nice office and passed on foot some thirty high-school lads—he didn't even so much as nod to one of them!

The one big starvation in boyhood is companionship. Do you recall the Tennyson line?—"I am a part of all I have met." Souls of boys and men alike depend upon *meeting*—meeting big people, big scenes, big pictures, great music.

It is so hard for a high-powered business executive to calculate the value of his smile to his office-boy, the greeting to a clerk, the moment of conversation with a lad who is just getting broken into this job or that.

Criminals are usually boys—maybe nearing manhood—who have grown up *without any abiding joy in living*. Laughing faces are never lying faces. Eyes lit up with a bit of repartee are never hard and suspicious eyes.

BOYS love the arts. You will not believe that—some of you. But they do.

Take your lad or somebody else's lad to a natural-history museum or an art museum and see if he isn't thrilled by the study of nature and the history of the arts—the first crude beginnings of the cave-man down to the fine craftsmanship of today. Or better yet, take him out into the forest, nature's great living museum.

I have never talked pictures to boys and seen them grow sleepy or become bored. They love pictures. Their souls are waiting for the fine stirring emotions that pictures bring—if *explained*.

A boy loves the well-known "Banana Song" merely because it is self-explanatory. I'll guarantee to set a high school wild if I may have a phonograph and explain each record before it is played on the instrument. That is not my line of work at all. But I have done it time and again and know how boys respond—*when they understand*. Fathers somehow feel that of course his son understands. Let's forget of *courses*—I hope I never assume that Gilmore knows anything.

There is not a Rotary club in America that would not do well to recall that boyhood is starving for the best. If you cannot enlighten your boys on the fine musical theme that will easily supplant that jazz theme if explained—why not make it a Rotary service to bring on the expert? He can

and is eager to. I know a dozen men and women who can talk the Arts not as a far-away thing intended for the immortals but as something that goes right into personal, everyday living.

At a recent meeting of school superintendents, one man—a city superintendent of fine calibre—asked if he might interrupt. Then he told a story of boyhood and its hungering and thirsting for righteousness that brought a spiritual thrill many times beyond anything that the main speaker had produced. It was the story of boy after boy who had come into his office seemingly eager to get on the right side.

Then why, you promptly ask, do they not come to church, to Sunday school, and why do they appear far removed from a desire for good citizenship. My answer will be blunt: Not enough Rotarians and Lions and Kiwanians and other business men to lead them!

No boy ever became enthusiastic about church who saw Dad spend Sunday morning with a newspaper at the hour of worship. *No boy voluntarily goes near a church*. A boy hates to be thought a sham. Even more, he hates to think himself the genuine good boy that he really is. Somehow our present-day life seems to give a sneer at real virtue. The movies do not teach it. Yet the boy is as far removed from lying, thieving, and all forms of criminality as any of us are. Perhaps, farther!

It should be our endeavor to popularize goodness—not sissiness—*goodness*. It is ours to dramatize, by living and by leadership, into the boy-heart of the world that *the manliness of clean living*, for which Rotary stands, demands the heroic heart and the will of steel. But more it is ours as individuals to go to individual boys and lead them into a right relationship toward life.

If that be not "Service"—then let me never try to serve!

AMONG OUR LETTERS

Whoops. . . Hurrahs!!!

SIR: I have just finished reading "Mr. Mulk's Terrific Whoops" in the July issue. Three cheers, and several hurrahs!!!!

I'm "Lioned," "Shrined," "Commercial Chained," "Budgeted," "Elked," "Red Crossed," "Done Magic as an Amateur," "Booster Tripped" and "Whooped" in times past and I think I read between the lines of Ellis Parker Butler's fine tale and discerned the grains of a big truth among the chaff of a fine ironical humor.

I enjoyed the tale immensely and am today mailing the magazine to a "whooper" friend of mine in the hope that it will help him see the error of his way.

THOMAS C. BONNEY.

Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Questions and Answers

To the Editor:

I have no fault to find with THE ROTARIAN, but as a suggestion for even better issues, would recommend one page of fun, contributed by Rotarians, and another page devoted to the asking and answering of questions pertaining to Rotary matters. The average Rotarian has many questions he would like answered and this page would at the same time be generally educational.

SAM WOODS.

Athens, Georgia.

NOTE—Do readers desire a page of humor each month? So far the vote is, two for such a page; two against. Do readers want a Rotary "Questions and Answers" page? If your answer is "yes," have you a question which will enable you to become a "charter contributor" to the proposed new page? —ED.

Rotary Ann Club

TO THE EDITOR:

On behalf of the Rotary Ann Club of Bessemer, Alabama, I am writing to correct an error in the July issue of THE ROTARIAN. On page 34 of this issue there is an article entitled "Rotary Anns Have a Club." This article states that "one of the first, if not the very first" Rotary Ann Club was organized in Birmingham, Michigan, May, 1927.

The Rotary Ann Club of Bessemer, Alabama, was organized June 19, 1921.

Our members are wives of Rotarians and our constitution is modeled along Rotary lines.

For about three months we had regular luncheons, but felt that we were not accomplishing what we had planned to do, so at the suggestion of one of our members we adopted the plan of meeting at the homes of the members once a month.

We have already entered our seventh year, and in that time we have made loans for scholarships in Business Colleges to six girls, have kept about twenty girls in school by furnishing books and often shoes and clothes. At Christmas time we have made this season a happy and bright one for many a girl who otherwise would have had no Christmas. We have given three memberships to the Y. W. C. A. and furnished two of the girls with their athletic outfits. We have given liberally to all civic causes, to girls work in the town, to the flood sufferers and others. Time and space forbid my going into detail.

There is a wonderful secret about our finances, which is a constant source of surprise and delight to us. The more we spend, the more we have. Often, when we have begun to think we shall have to slow up a little, the treasurer's report shows a gratifying balance.

We feel that we are reaping the reward for carrying out the Rotary motto, "Service Above Self."

Hoping this information may prove of interest to you, all Rotarians and all Rotary Ann Clubs, I am

FLORENCE MCWALLER.

Bessemer, Alabama.

Another Rotary Ann Club

Sirs:

In the July issue of THE ROTARIAN under club activities, the article about the organization of Rotary Anns being formed at Birmingham, Michigan, as being one of the first, if not the first, was read with interest by members of our club. It was unanimously requested that I as secretary write to you and inform you that the idea of our club was first thought of in January, 1925, and completely organized in March, 1925.

Mrs. Mae Williams, wife of Rotarian Jack Williams, State Engineer, was the first one to suggest that we form this organization for the development of a more sisterly spirit among the wives of Rotarians.

We meet the first Tuesday of each month. We do a great deal of charity work, especially around Christmas. Our first year we devoted our time to poor girls from the ages of 5 to 10 years. Last year there were so many families in need that we took care of them instead of girls. We supplied them with food, clothing, and gave some toys to the children. This year we hope to do still greater work than we have in the past. Our club works splendidly together. We are like one large family. We do not limit the membership to just wives. Our by-laws reads, "a wife or mother, or one daughter or one sister are eligible for membership."

One year after we organized, the Glassboro (New Jersey) Rotary Anns organized. I think we are the only two clubs in Jersey.

MRS. HELEN PEARSON.

Huffville, New Jersey.

Omit the Humor

SIRS:

I read THE ROTARIAN, invariably from cover to cover. Continue as you have, leave out the comedy and humor stuff, give us Rotary and if we want humor we can get it in every magazine store in the country and there is so much of that class of material afloat in our every-day reading that our intellectual development will not be hampered for want of humor, though we do not get it in THE ROTARIAN.

Articles such as written recently by Leonard Skeggs and C. D. Garretson are excellent contributions.

CHARLES A. SNYDER.

Rittman, Ohio.

Wants Page of Humor

SIRS:

I have just had an opportunity to read the June issue of THE ROTARIAN.

I never put any of them aside until I have read them thoroughly and then frequently refer to them afterward.

This letter is to do two things,—compliment you upon the excellence of this publication and to answer your question on Page 64, "Do readers want a page of humor each month?" Personally, yes.

GEORGE W. BAHKE.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Esperanto

TO THE EDITOR:

My attention has just been drawn to the Editorial Comment on "Neutrality in Language" in your issue for March of this year. It may interest you to know that the Rotary Club of Southend-on-Sea, England, of which I am an associate member, has taken a special interest in Esperanto during the last two years. We have a small group of Rotarian Esperantists and a weekly class is held during the winter. If the study of this auxiliary language were officially recommended by Rotary more progress would be made. Many business men would be prepared to devote the necessary time, if they could be assured that there was a good chance of its adoption by Rotary.

Personally, I should like to suggest that an International Committee of Rotarians should be set up to make an impartial investigation into the possibilities of Esperanto, and to issue a definite report. Before their final sitting, however, they should attend the 20th Universal



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For some of these reasons, see page 2

AMONG OUR LETTERS

(Continued from preceding page)

Esperanto Congress which will be held at Antwerp next year, and observe the use of the language in practice.

Within a day or two I leave to attend this year's Congress, which is being held in the Free City of Danzig. At these gatherings about a thousand Esperantists usually come together and all the proceedings (lasting a week or ten days) are carried out in the one language. The Congress members are drawn from 30 or 40 different countries, and during business meetings and social celebrations they are able to chat and discuss matters with perfect freedom. Surely here is a lesson for Rotary!

DOUGLAS P. BOATMAN.

14 Westbourne Grove,
Westcliff-on-Sea, England.

Replete

Sirs:

The August number, besides being replete with a vast amount of information concerning the Ostend meeting of Rotary International, contained an article "Peccavi," which so appealed to me that I asked one of our members to discuss the article before the club. This was done yesterday at our regular meeting—and was handled most effectively. In my humble opinion this article should secure the deep and careful attention of all Rotarians.

GEORGE FERRIS.

Chadron, Nebraska.

President, Rotary Club.

"Hooks of Steel"

TO THE EDITOR:

There is no longer any doubt in my mind as to why THE ROTARIAN is so good a magazine! You evidently have the faculty of binding your contributors to you with hooks of steel by the kindly and appreciative letters you write. You have to sit in a writer's chair for a great many years to realize how rare such letters are and how much they mean.

C. H. CLAUDY.

Washington, D. C.

Rotary University

Sirs:

It is gratifying to me, personally, to note from the pamphlet of the Student Loan Funds of the various clubs in Rotary International that I am entitled to the distinction of founding the first Student Loan Fund; and quite as much so, also, to our club to know that it has led the procession in a movement that is rapidly spreading throughout Rotary International, having for its purpose the uplift of the under-privileged boy and girl, and others who may be in need of assistance to secure or complete their education and ultimately become a part of the warp and woof of society.

In this connection allow me to comment particularly on the timely and practical article in the May, 1927, issue of THE ROTARIAN under the caption of "An International Rotary University," by Dr. D. E. Phillips, head of the Department of Psychology, University of Denver, in which he so ably discusses an extension of this educational idea.

Dr. Phillips has outlined the possibility of such an institution in a rational and practical way. It is to be hoped that every member of every club in Rotary International will read this splendid article by Dr. Phillips over twice before filing it away to be ultimately forgotten, and help to capitalize into full realization the suggestions contained in the article.

If out of the 2,500 clubs, today, only half would, through their Student Loan Fund, send annually but a single student to the "International Rotary University" it would at a minimum estimate, in round figures, mean 1,000 students from the start and with a four-year course would bring the enrollment during this time to at least 4,000.

As to the cost, if the minimum of this were fixed at, say, \$1,000 a year, it would mean an income of from \$100,000 to \$400,000 for the first four-year period, with constantly increasing future possibilities of income from non-Rotary Student sources, endowments, etc., when once

such institutions were founded and permanently established.

As to the selection or choice of students for loans by clubs, there would be little difficulty. This assistance could be offered as a prize—a real incentive to scholarship—for best-graduate graduates of high schools in the Rotary Club's respective communities.

I have reason to believe that our club would be one of the first to view with the most favorable consideration, based upon its present Student's Loan Fund, a Rotary University program, as above referred to, and it wouldn't be long before a great majority, if not all of the clubs would fall in line and share in its limitless possibilities both from financial and educational viewpoints, because in the last analysis the Student Loan Fund is really nothing more nor less than an "Investment Fund," the dividends of which come back to every community where Rotary Clubs administer such a fund, in bigger proportions and permanent community assets than any other investment it is possible to make.

Yours for the "World Youth Movement,"

O. C. DORNEY.

Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Corporate Socialism?

Sir:

I have read with interest Mr. Harger's article entitled "Save 10 Per Cent! Says Brown."

No doubt in another five years Mr. Brown will be dictating to his employees the temperature of their Saturday night baths, the kind of tooth paste they shall use and, for his telephone girls, the brand of silk stockings they shall buy.

You may think I am a little hard on Mr. Brown, but as a matter of plain fact I am not especially criticizing Mr. Brown. He is only following the philanthropic notion which has in recent years permeated our larger corporations. The gentlemen who control these corporations have seen the need of helping their employees and they have gone in for corporate socialism. This socialism has taken the form of handing out group insurance, compelling their employees to purchase the company's securities, old-age pensions and, as in the case of Mr. Brown, making them save 10 per cent of their salaries.

Now almost any director of a corporation would turn pink with rage if any one should accuse him of being a socialist. But, I submit that there are two kinds of socialism, corporate and state.

In theory state socialism is the greatest boon that any state can adopt. The individual has no cares or worries of any kind. There can be no poverty as there can be no riches. Why is state socialism not a success? Because, to use a homely illustration, Mrs. Smith does not care to dress like Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jones resents meeting Mrs. Johnson decked out in a dress just like the one she is wearing. And Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith are no different from their wives in this respect.

Now, why, I ask you, should corporate socialism be a success if state socialism is a failure? In theory the corporation gains the good will of its employees. In practice the reverse is true. There is no employee, if he be anything but a spineless jellyfish, but resents having his employer dictate how he shall conduct his personal affairs, and any employer knows that a spineless employee is usually a useless employee.

But, you will say, corporation socialism does accomplish some good. That, too, is largely theoretical. People who do not prepare for the future naturally do not do so under the tutelage of a corporation. Insurance which is given under such circumstances is usually lost inside of thirty days. That there are individuals in this world who do not have common-sense enough to care for themselves and their families I am quite ready to admit but I am not ready to admit that any board of directors of a corporation can remedy that condition by fiat. That they will try only proves to my mind the truth of the old adage, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

JOHN HAGE.

Grand Island, Nebraska.

The second time

IT'S home, but it isn't perfect. You know more now than when you first hung up those curtains and moved your furniture in. You have lived with those walls, bookcases, radiators, cups and saucers long enough to know their merits and demerits. The kind you would buy the second time, and the kind you wouldn't buy. If you and Sarah could start all over again, you'd profit from that experience. Avoid what has proved unwise—study advertisements, home-furnishing pamphlets—let the potatoes scorch and the lima beans boil dry—just comparing new refrigerators, bath-tubs, patterns of delicate china. You'd want to make sure what you bought this time would please you as much tomorrow as today.

YET day by day you are making that home-place over. "We do need some new curtains." "Hadn't we better get some butter-knives?" The only difference is a gradual instead of a wholesale affording. And by knowing the advertisements you know the future of what you buy. You know by name, for instance, the curtains that won't sag or fade.

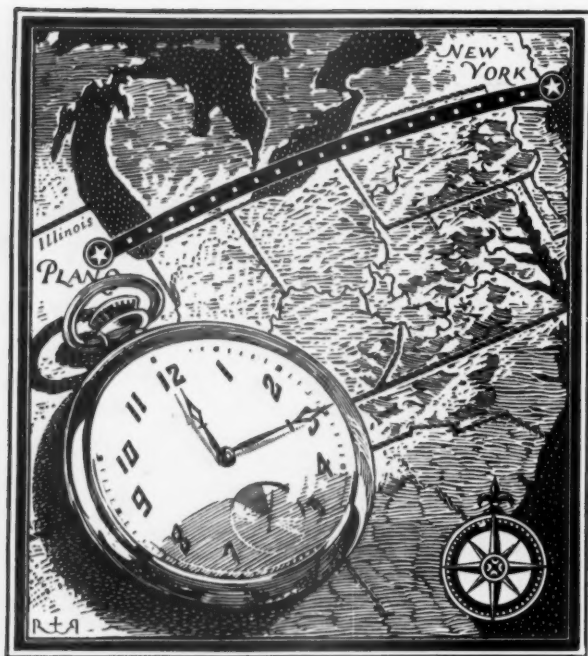
ALL the wisdom that your windows, your electric washer and ironer, the wind, sun, rain would write out for you slowly about those curtains, season by season—you get in one swift reading of the curtain advertisements. Experience usually deals with the past. With advertisements, it deals with the future! You buy the now and the will-be when you buy advertised wares.

READ the advertisements to know what is advertised—what is certain to satisfy you.



*Reading advertisements prepares you
for happy, safe choices first times as well as
second times—every time you buy*

A
\$25,000 sale 15 *minutes*
after deciding
to call



"THIS METHOD OF SECURING the sale," writes the treasurer of the company, "represented several hundred dollars additional profit to us."

Such is the every-day work of Long Distance for men who are busy. The long lines reach from each office to any other, from Canada to Cuba to England. The continent or any chosen area is the field of action for the man who travels by telephone. Long distance calls accomplish in minutes what otherwise

THE OFFICIALS of a metal specialties company in Plano, Illinois, were discussing an interview that should be made at once in New York. Prospects were fair for making the sale. But the men were unusually busy . . . how could they spare the time to go and return? They decided to telephone. Within 15 minutes the sale was consummated. The amount involved was \$25,000.

might take weeks or days. They result in growth to the individual and to the business. They slash expense. They mean efficiency with comfort.

What far-away transactions could you close now—without leaving the office? You'll be surprised how little the calls will cost. . . . Number, please?

BELL LONG DISTANCE SERVICE



